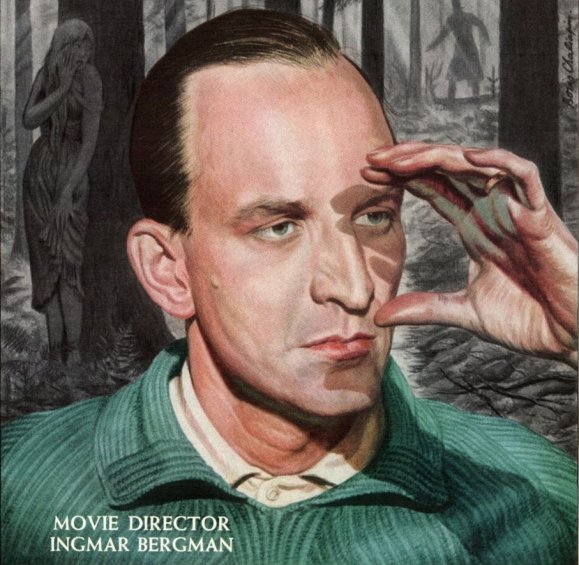


ENTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 14, 1960

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



MOVIE DIRECTOR  
INGMAR BERGMAN

DO A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

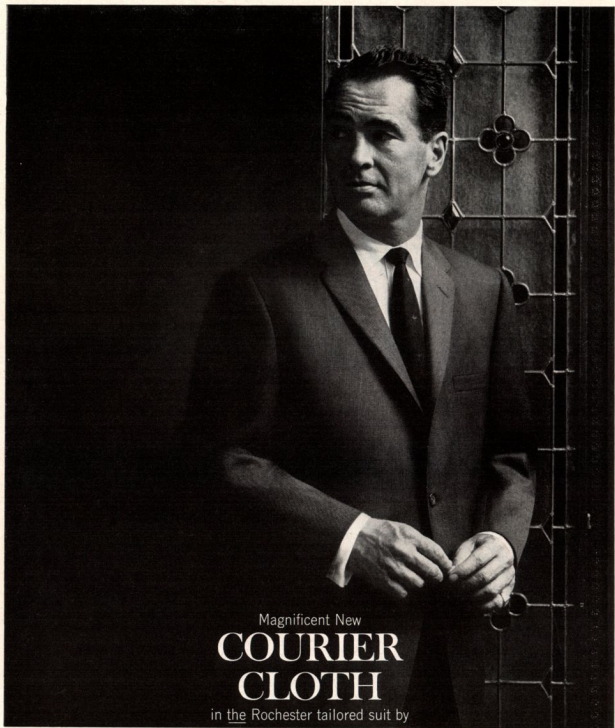
VOL. LXXV NO. 11



**Sight-see your way to Europe on the Sunlane.** The man who took this picture was on his way to Paris by way of Gibraltar, Algeiras and Madrid, with Africa thrown in! On the Sunlane to Europe you see more than the sea. You sail through the green Azores. You stop at Cannes, then scoot up to Paris. Or sail on, to compare the Italian Riviera with the French. Then you sweep into Naples, and the captain says yes, that's Vesuvius! On the Sunlane, the air is warm, the ship is magnificent, the ocean is relaxed. Ask your travel agent. **CONSTITUTION & INDEPENDENCE ■ American Export Lines**



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CLOTH**

in the Rochester tailored suit by

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Spring looks just great from where you stand in the suit of new Courier Cloth, our exclusive fabric, famous the man's world over for its silky hand and enduring quality. We develop it in a variety of weaves and patterns as different as the times of year. For example, our interesting iridescent weave for now — light, lithe, crisply comfortable — tailored

in the kind of suit you have come to expect from Michaels-Stern. Relaxed lines, easy fit, perfect proportion throughout. This pattern, from a large collection at \$69.50. City-country Courier Cloth slacks, 22.50. At fine stores throughout the country. For the name of the one nearest you write Michaels-Stern, 87 Clinton Avenue North, Rochester 2, New York.



## *Could your wife and children live in a house like this?*

### **When a man dies, his earnings stop.**

What part of your present income would your family get? What part would your Social Security, insurance and other assets provide?

What is the minimum income for food, housing, clothing, utilities, health and education that your family would require—to live as you want them to?

**Your family cannot buy half a pair of shoes.** They cannot live in part of a house, pay part of a doctor bill, drive a piece of a car. How would they adjust?

In minutes, your Metropolitan Man can help you compute your family's probable income. What is more, he can help you do something about it.

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# WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD

## about the new Call Director telephone?

Businessmen everywhere are praising this versatile, new equipment. For example...



*E. E. Price, President, MacMillan Oil Company of Florida, Inc., Hialeah, Florida:* "We are very pleased with our new Call Director and intercom telephone system. Incoming and interoffice calls can now be handled far more quickly and efficiently since we have two separate channels of communication to use at all times. I know we have improved our customer relations and increased our sales as well, thanks to the Call Director."



*Vernon Tock, Business Manager, Carle Hospital Clinic, Urbana, Illinois:* "We have 33 Call Director telephones in our new clinic building. Previously, with our large volume of incoming calls, each doctor had to have two phones on his desk, plus other space-consuming equipment. Now one Call Director serves him, and lets him take calls on any one of ten lines. The Call Director has enabled us to streamline our entire routine for handling patients' calls. We're very enthusiastic about it."



*Stuart Armstrong, Assistant Vice President and Manager, The Bank of Douglas, Tucson, Arizona:* "We accepted your proposal to use Call Director telephones to get the added business lines and extension stations our growing branch bank needed. As a result, our service to our customers has noticeably increased—and we are operating with greater convenience, efficiency and speed. Our thanks to your company and to the Call Director."



Available in 18-button and 30-button models — in gray, green or beige, with contrasting face plates.

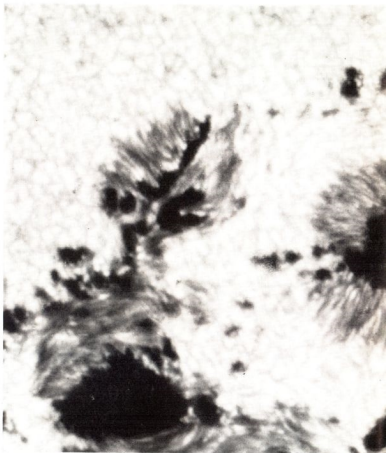
Learn how the Call Director telephone with Bell System intercom can be tailored to the exact needs of your business. Just call your Bell Telephone business office, and a representative will visit you at your convenience. No obligation, of course.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**





## RCA REPORTS TO THE NATION: REMARKABLE NEW PHOTOS



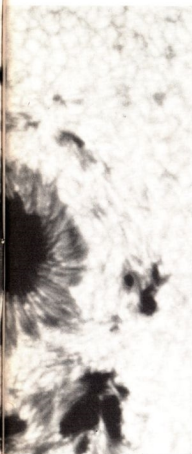
**New insight into sunspots**—This photograph is one of four hundred of the sharpest ever taken of sun's surface. Scientists feel new photos of sunspots hold key to violent magnetic disturbances on earth.

**Exact area of sun's surface**—The small rectangle indicated on the photograph at right pinpoints the size and position of the sunspot area shown above. Locating and focusing on precise spots such as this could not be left to chance. The project became possible only after RCA had devised its airborne television and the separate radio controls that focused and snapped the cameras.

**Going up for "good seeing"**—Unmanned balloon leaves to carry aloft first remote-controlled observatory. From vantage point of stratosphere—"Project Stratoscope" achieved first undistorted sharp photos of sun's surface. Stratoscope is a continuing project of basic research in astronomy supported by the Office of Naval Research and the National Science Foundation.

ANOTHER WAY RCA  
SERVES YOU  
THROUGH  
ELECTRONICS

# UNLOCK MYSTERIES OF SUN'S SURFACE



Special RCA Television System, operating from the stratosphere, helps get sharpest photos of sun's surface ever taken

Ever since Galileo built the world's first telescope, man has sought to probe the mysteries of the solar system. Yet the most powerful observatories on earth have been hampered by the barrier of the earth's atmosphere—where light diffusion and the turbulence of unevenly heated air result in what astronomers call "bad seeing."

## UP TO THE EDGE OF SPACE

A few years ago the Princeton University Observatory conceived the idea of sending aloft a balloon—a telescope-camera suspended in the quiet reaches of the stratosphere—to probe the secrets of the sun.

So "Project Stratoscope" was born—sponsored by the Office of Naval Research. After months of preparation, a floating observatory soared high above the earth. Unmanned, however, it could take only hit-or-miss pictures. As a result, the RCA David Sarnoff Research Center was called upon to help.

## RCA ELECTRONIC ASSIST

Then the balloon was sent up again—15 miles into the stratosphere. But this time it carried an ingenious RCA television system—including airborne camera, transmitter, antenna units and ground receivers which showed *exactly what the telescope was seeing aloft*. It was then a simple matter for ground observers to aim, focus and control the photography by means of a separate radio control system.

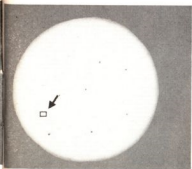
RESULT: pictures that are not only sharp and clear—but of the *exact* areas science wished to probe.

## SCIENTIFIC KEY TO EARTH PROBLEMS?

This close look at sunspots, erupting areas on the sun's surface, may unlock the mysteries of magnetic disturbances which affect navigation and disrupt long-range communications on earth.

## RCA'S TELEVISION LEADERSHIP

The success of "Project Stratoscope" is another example of RCA leadership in advanced electronics. This leadership, achieved through quality and dependability in performance, has already made RCA Victor the most trusted name in television. Today, RCA Victor television sets are in far more homes than any other make.



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN ELECTRONICS

# LETTERS

## Prolonged Agony?

SIR:

REPUBLICAN CHRISTIAN HERTER AND DEMOCRAT "PAT" BROWN HAVE COLLABORATED IN THE CHESSMAN CASE [Feb. 29] IN THE WORST NATIONAL DISGRACE SINCE TRUMAN FIRED MACARTHUR, THIS BEING THE OPINION OF A LIFELONG Foe OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

AS FOR THE "HUMANITARIAN" CLAIMS THAT THE LONG DELAYS AND EXORCISTIC NATIONAL PUBLICITY HAVE CAUSED SUCH SUFFERING AS TO EXPIATE ANY CRIMES, NO MATTER HOW HEINOUS, ISN'T THIS EXACTLY COMPARABLE TO THE YOUNG MAN WHO KILLED HIS FATHER AND MOTHER AND ASKED THE JUDGE FOR MERCY ON THE GROUNDS THAT HE WAS AN ORPHAN?

J. G. SCRIPPS

DEL MAR, CALIF.

SIR:

The ominous thing about the Chessman case is that a state government is influenced by Washington and (probably) Rome.

B. P. LANE

Wilson Creek, Wash.

SIR:

As an atheist, I have long been convinced that the overwhelming majority of people who claim to be Christians, including the organized churches, are really self-satisfied hypocrites who embrace the faith for the peace and tranquility that a belief in infinite mercy, perfect justice and immortal life offers, but who actually hold in contempt the essential message of love (and its inescapable obligations) for which Christ lived and died.

The Chessman case, distilled, presents a simple issue to the Christian: Is the deliberate killing of a human being—a fellow child of God—moral? Can it be squared with the letter or the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount? Is it possible that Christ himself would approve? If anyone can honestly say yes, then he either misconceives the Christian ethic or I can refer him to a better and more sublime one.

JULIAN W. HAYDON

Chicago

SIR:

YOU DESCRIBE CARLY CHESSMAN AS A "SELF-ADMITTED HARDENED CRIMINAL." BUT DO NOT CITE THE SOLID EVIDENCE OF HIS CONSIDERABLE PROGRESS TOWARD REHABILITATION AND HIS CONTRITION FOR WHATEVER CRIMES HE HAS COMMITTED.

HIS ADMITTANCE OF HIS CRIMINAL LIFE WAS PART OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL EFFORT TO UN-

DERSTAND WHAT CAUSED HIS CRIMINAL ACTS. THIS IS ONE REASON WHY SO MANY PEOPLE ARE FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE.

PHIL KERBY

EDITOR, FRONTIER MAGAZINE

EASON MONROE

DIRECTOR, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CIVIL

LIBERTIES UNION

WILLIAM GRAVES MD

FORMER SAN QUENTIN PRISON PHYSICIAN  
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

## Conspicuously Inconspicuous

SIR:

I would hardly call my friend, Roald Dahl, "inconspicuous," as TIME did in its review of his book, *Kiss Kiss* [Feb. 22]. Can a man 6 ft. 6 in. tall ever really be inconspicuous?

C. DAVIS HAINES

West Point, Ga.



Ben Martin

¶ Not, at least, to his children. See cut.—Ed.

## Reaffirming a Tenet

SIR:

I was truly impressed by the ability of your reporter to so clearly summarize my highly technical treatment of a difficult subject before an audience of experts [Feb. 22]. However, the statement that "the lecture was a good example of how *halacha* changes with the times" was a serious misinterpretation of my point.

The basic theme of my paper was to reaffirm what we accept as a tenet of our faith, that *halacha* as presented in our Written and Oral (the Talmud) Law never changes because it needs no change. What does change is our understanding of the rationale underlying the *halachic* principle.

RABBI MOSES D. TENDLER

Yeshiva University

New York

## Candidate's Wife

SIR:

Thank you for giving us a cover picture of Pat Nixon [Feb. 29]—a lovely American lady and a gracious person.

FLORENCE HEALY

Arlington, Va.

SIR:

It is disturbing the way TIME tries to jam the Nixons down the readers' throats. Even if I would be inclined to vote for "Tricky Dicky" plus wife, TIME's biased reporting would be enough to sway my decision.

SONJA VAN DER HORST

Olean, N.Y.

SIR:

Pat Nixon for President!

BENNO LEVETZOW

Brooklyn

## Inside Kishi

SIR:

Once in a blue moon, something like your Kishi cover [Jan. 25] happens. In these days of "Inside This" and "Inside That," it gets inside Kishi (and the Japanese), and once there, practically becomes Kishi himself, as he looks out on the world. It hardly ever happens, but this time it did. I had a brief teaching job in Japan, so, in a way, I have some background for my thinking. I do not hesitate to nominate the Kishi story as the best cover story TIME will print in 1966.

C. E. PERSONS

Los Altos Hills, Calif.

## A Bloody Sacrifice

SIR:

Your article concerning the Rev. Randy Pike and his so-called "Blood of the Lamb" service [Feb. 22] is the prime example of Christian retrogression, Pike and his predators obviously wish to return to the sanguine days of pre-Christianity, when blood sacrifice was at its zenith. It would be helpful if someone informed Pike that the strength of Christianity rests not so much on how Christ died as on how Christ lived.

LINDA THOMAS WEST

Tulsa, Okla.

SIR:

Thank you for bringing this blood sacrifice in a "Christian" church to the attention of the public. I think only a primitive or perverted mind is capable of such a cult. Let us hope they will find a more humane, more spiritual way of service.

ROLF EISELIN

Mill Valley, Calif.

SIR:

Let's hope the Rev. Randy Pike never hears the hymn that begins, "There is a fountain filled with blood..."

JOHN CRONQUIST

Durham, N.C.

## Amplification Dept.

SIR:

Good grief! Right Honorable Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas, first Earl Mountbatten of Burma, K.G., P.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I.,

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which is  
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Complete story on dishwashers told by the women who own them. Write name and address below and send 10¢ to—Dept. T-2, Hotpoint, Chicago 44, Illinois.

G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.S.O.! [Feb. 22].  
What in heaven's name are all of the initials?

JAMES BUSH

Iowa City, Iowa

¶ Knight of the Order of the Garter, Privy Councillor, Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India, Knight Grand Commander of the Indian Empire, Knight Grand Cross of Royal Victorian Order, Knight Commander of the Bath, Companion of the Distinguished Service Order.—Ed.

Life on Okinawa

SIR:

ARTICLE ON OKINAWA [Feb. 22] FILLED WITH FILTHY INNUENDO. TWO-HUNDRED OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN OF MY STAFF IN OKINAWA FEB. 1960 FOR TWELVE DAYS HAD NO LIBERTY FOR FIRST SIX DAYS. WE HAD WORK TO DO. THOUSANDS OF ARMY, NAVY, MARINE AND AIR FORCE PERSONNEL AND THEIR WIVES WORK ON COMMUNITY PROJECTS. AIR FORCE AND MARINE PERSONNEL ARE ON INSTANT ALERT.

REAR ADMIRAL C. O. TRIEBEL, U.S.N.,  
COMMANDER AMPHIBIOUS GROUP  
SAN FRANCISCO

SIR:

THANK YOU FOR YOUR OKINAWA STORY. MY WIFE WOULD NEVER BELIEVE ME.

M/SGT. E. L. NIEBRUEGGE  
FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANS.

Sir:

I lived on Okinawa for two and a half years as a serviceman and a civilian. In all my dealings with the military clubs I saw no corruption, evil, or extravagance.

Most surprising is TIME's statement about an Okinawan law forbidding gambling. Besides the dozens of pachinko (Japanese pin-ball) parlors centered around Naha's International Street, nearly all the large cabarets have one-armed bandits.

As for the tax-free liquor available at military clubs on Okinawa, TIME should point out that the Okinawan government levies a ridiculous 200% tax on all beer and 180% tax on liquor brought to the island, making prices in local nonmilitary bars astronomical. A bottle of Japanese beer in an Okinawan cabaret costs \$1, while American brands are generally unavailable.

DON HOFMANN

Honolulu

At the 5 & 10¢ Store

Sir:

Only in the Southern states and the Union of South Africa would a Negro from a university be denied the right (or is it a privilege?) to sit down and eat a sandwich in a public place [Feb. 22].

Whom does North Carolina's Governor Luther Hodges think he is fooling when he wines and dines Guinea's President Touré while students are not good enough to eat a hot dog in a local five and ten?

WILLIAM R. EDMONDSON, M.D.  
East Orange, N.J.

Hopeless Case

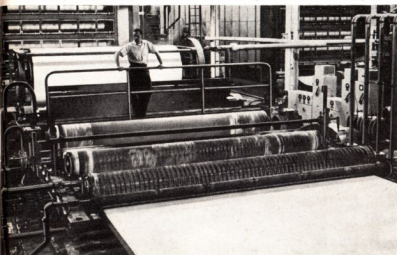
Sir:

You mention that Senator Stuart Symington, a presidential hopeful, even threatened to publish top-secret U.S. intelligence estimates if the Administration denies that Soviet might has "increased considerably [Feb. 22]." After a statement like that, I consider Senator Symington presidentially hopeless.

MARCUS Q. ARNESON  
La Crosse, Wis.



The multi-million dollar investment in all-weather access roads will have considerable benefits for the economic future of this region as well as the company.



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## MISCELLANY

**Dry Ice.** In Los Angeles, Laundromat Proprietor Sui Ming Leung, 52, was fined \$500 after he admitted trying to steal \$1,500 worth of heirloom jewelry that a customer of his was washing in one of the machines.

**The Dinghy.** In Leicester, England, William Ernest Woodward bought a bicycle to ride the one mile from his house to his garage, where he keeps his Rolls-Royce limousine.

**Field Trip.** In Memphis, after City Judge Beverly Boushe had showed up at Siena College to give a lecture on memory training, he remembered that the talk was scheduled for the next week.

**Fringe Benefit.** In St. Paul, the Minnesota Industrial Commission handed down the ruling that Elma Sweet, 62, was just as much on the job when she slipped on an icy walk during a coffee break as any "employee who is allowed to smoke or blow his nose."

**Double Standard.** In Frankfurt, West Germany, Movie Starlet Sabine Sinjen, 17, greeted thousands of fans at the premiere of her new comic criminal film, *No Angel Is So Pure*, then had to go home before the actual showing because it is a film that German law forbids juveniles to attend.

**Minor's Dram.** In Norfolk, a father was fined \$500 and sentenced to one month in jail for giving three ounces of whisky and half a can of beer to his six-week-old son.

**In a Corner.** In Nashville, Tenn., Postal Worker Henry G. Gregory, 39, was arrested for tearing stamps off letters to add to his collection.

**Sailor, Beware!** In Jacksonville, police warned whoever stole Mrs. Ralph Y. Smith's 16-ft. aluminum canoe that it has a hole in the bottom of the hull patched only with a Band-Aid.

**With Mustard.** In Bushy Park, Middlesex, England, Billy Hudgins, 11, a sixth-grader in a U.S. Air Force elementary school, asked to write a theme on space travel, reckoned on the gastronomical requirements of an interplanetary junket: "584 ham sandwiches, 764 Coca-Colas and 407 cakes and pies."

**Overtime Parking.** In Philadelphia, Patrolman John Burke, 37, traffic safety lecturer at the city's public schools for the past eight years, was suspended from the force for having driven since 1950 without a license.

**Simple Interest.** In Alexandria, Va., any dog accompanying his owner to the drive-in window of the Alexandria National Bank gets a free dog biscuit.



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lubrication. Switch to a brand of  
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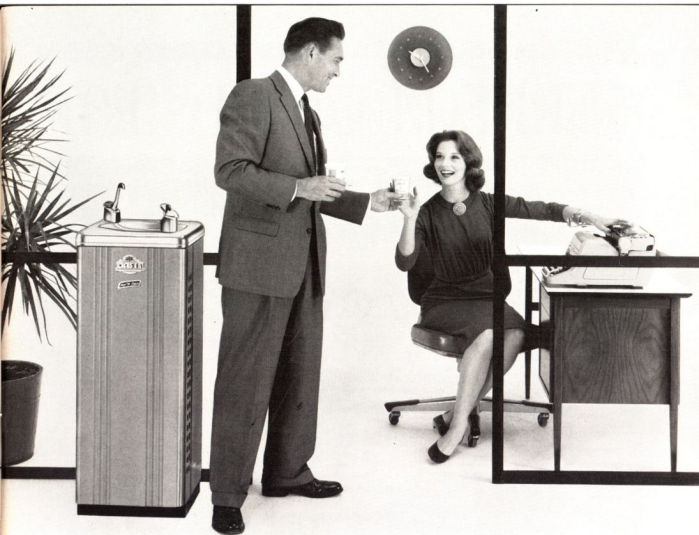
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42. Solitude, Where or When, Dancing in the Dark, 5 more



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and his orchestra

48. 15 orchestral portraits of mythical gods and goddesses



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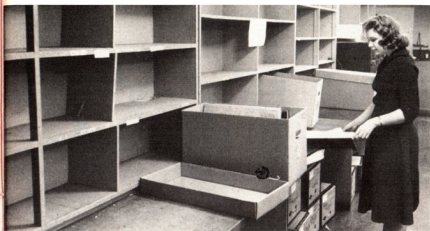
# A letter from the PUBLISHER

*James A. Linen*

For the last few weeks we have been painting murals, emptying desks, bookshelves and files as the editorial staff in New York City got ready to move to the new TIME and LIFE Building. This week, after 22 years in the old building, we put out the last issue there and moved.



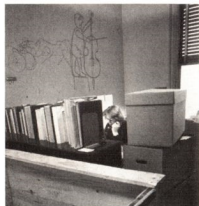
RESEARCHERS & THEIR MURALS



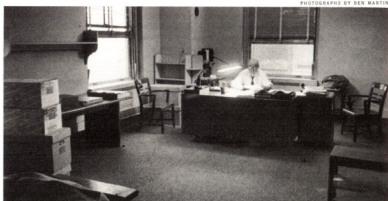
REFERENCE BOOKS PACKED FOR NEW BUILDING TWO BLOCKS AWAY



LAST SPORT STORY IS WRITTEN



LAST MUSIC STORY IS CHECKED



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN MARTIN

MANAGING EDITOR ALEXANDER SENDS LAST STORIES TO PRINTER

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## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### Men Against Inevitability

In the world's eyes, the U.S. seemed to be sitting atop a curious paradox. On the one hand, there was the image of President Eisenhower, returning from still another successful good-will trip abroad, where by force of personality and earnest pleadings, he characterized for millions of Latin



Jim Mahon

MAJORITY LEADER JOHNSON  
Rights that mend wrongs.

Americans the U.S. principles of fair play, human dignity and equality (see The Presidency). Yet the President came home to Washington to see what the world also saw: the U.S. Senate ground to a halt by a Southern filibuster that, in broad perspective, seemed dedicated to denying the Southern Negro his constitutional right to vote.

The obvious contradiction between Ike's U.S. and the filibuster's U.S. told more about the outcome of the Senate struggle than any of the round-the-clock oratory or pungent rhetoric. The right to vote is so basic a right that the right to filibuster could not hope to stand successfully against it. And federal guarantee of voting rights would ultimately lead Negroes via the ballot box toward all the other equal rights that have been denied them.

Thoughtful U.S. Southerners—including

many Senators who were going through the Shintoesque ceremonial of the filibuster—knew full well that their case against the right to vote was doomed. Said the Knoxville (Tenn.) *News-Sentinel* last week: "It must be generally realized that this repression of Negro citizens won't be tolerated indefinitely—and that remedies enforced by the national will are bound to be more distasteful than measures instituted through willing compromise." Summed up an editorial in North Carolina's *Charlotte Observer*: "Here is a fight of words against time, of men against inevitability, of voices against the ebbing strength that portends eventual silence."

### THE CONGRESS

#### The Filibuster

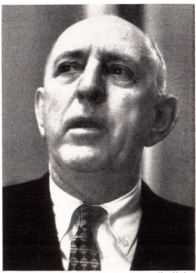
On the half-deserted floor of the Senate one night last week, a group of Senators huddled tightly around the lanky person of the human calculating machine known as Lyndon Baines Johnson. Some of them glanced up as North Carolina's jolly Sam Ervin went by. Chuckled old Judge Ervin: "That scene reminds me of something from *Hamlet*: 'Foul deeds will rise, though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.'"

Foul or fair, the deeds done last week by the august U.S. Senate were indeed rising all over the place, and there was plenty of o'erwhelming still to come. The Southern filibuster, aimed at blocking passage of a civil rights bill, had begun (TIME, Feb. 29). To wear it down, Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and Minority Leader Everett Dirksen kept the Senate in round-the-clock session. In counterattack the Southerners kept their colleagues coming and going all through the night with regular quorum calls. Meanwhile Texas' Johnson was hard at work doing what comes most naturally: dealing, persuading, cajoling—all in an effort to shape a meaningful moderate bill whose basic purpose is to guarantee Negro voting rights in the South.

**Refugees.** In many respects the filibuster (or "sustained educational campaign," as one Southerner put it) was as hollow as Southern hopes; civil rights legislation—whether it carries the imprint of the Administration, or Northern Democrats or both—is inevitable in this session, and the Southerners, from Georgia's fiercely eloquent Richard Russell on down, know it. Even so, Dick Russell, as general

of the delaying forces, set up his well-organized willful minority, selecting three teams of six men each who could spell each other in relays of pairs, with each pair holding the floor for four hours at a time.

Like refugees from a storm, members of all persuasions had cots brought into their offices and spare rooms; even the old Supreme Court chamber was turned into

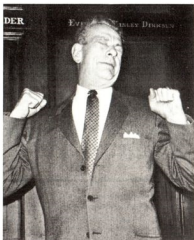


Jim Mahon

SOUTHERN LEADER RUSSELL  
Talk that takes time.

a Senate dormitory. Lady Bird Johnson showed up with a fresh change of pajamas for the majority leader. Maine's Margaret Smith posed daintily for photographers as she tucked herself into a cot (fully clothed) for the night. Wyoming's Gale McGee hauled in a sleeping bag. Wisconsin's Bill Proxmire got himself photographed in his skivvies. At first it almost seemed fun: a visit to the Senate gallery became a social must for Washington's late-evening crowds.

From Louisiana's Allen Ellender came word that he was at last prepared to deliver the 55-hour speech that he had been polishing for five years for just such a situation—though by week's end he had mercifully spared his colleagues. But there was no dearth of talk. When filibusterers got tired of orating on civil rights matters, they turned to the Bible (Louisiana's



G.O.P. LEADER DIRKSEN

Only the page boys seemed left out.

Russell Long did both, in an eleven-hour talkathon). Once in a while the Southerners gave way for subject matter of a more businesslike tone, e.g., a speech on U.S. defense by Massachusetts' Presidential Candidate Jack Kennedy. Here and there, a speaker attacked the "Warren" Supreme Court: Mississippi's James Eastland scornfully labeled the Supreme Court decision upholding the constitutionality of the 1957 Civil Rights Act as "crap" (though a thoughtful clerk recorded it as "claptrap"). Arkansas' William Fulbright, time-tested segregationist, took the occasion to lambaste President Eisenhower for turning the U.S. into "a 20th century Babylon, headless and heartless, a big fat target of the ably led Communist world and the clamoring, poverty-ridden new states."

**Safe Passage.** The only device that the civil rights coalition could use to halt the filibuster was the rarely invoked cloture rule by which two-thirds of those Senators present and voting can close off debate and bring the bill to a vote. But neither Republican Leader Dirksen, who was carrying the burden of the Administration's fight with backstage help from Vice President Nixon, nor Lyndon Johnson, as he sought some moderating compromise, had a solid enough agreement from combined civil rights advocates to guarantee safe passage of a bill. Johnson kept a platoon of lawyers and staff assistants drafting and redrafting secret proposals. But mostly he waited, trusting to his uncanny instinct about the Senate to signal the right time to produce a proposal that had a chance to satisfy Northern liberals, moderate Democrats and Republicans, give him the 67 (two-thirds plus one) votes to win cloture and pass the legislation itself. Apparently the time was days away; when Oregon's maverick Democrat Wayne Morse offered a cloture petition in one pre-dawn session, Kentucky's usually affable Thruston Morton, chairman of the Republican National Committee, strode to the clerk's desk and ripped it up.

The truth was that the civil righters themselves could not get together. Everett Dirksen's original bill (really a civil rights amendment tacked to a relatively unimportant bill) had for its core the Justice Department's Federal Referee Plan, which would provide Negroes with a safe, bully-proof opportunity to register and vote in local and national elections (see box). Civil righters—both Republican and Democratic—agreed in principle, but they disagreed heatedly on how the principle ought to work. Flurries of amendments poured onto the floor and out of caucuses; amendments were followed with amendments to other amendments, and for a time it seemed as if only the page boys had no amendments to offer. Florida's Spessard Holland guessed that, altogether, the many proposals on civil rights weighed eight lbs. Part of the Northern liberal opposition to the Dirksen "proposals" stemmed from an unwillingness to accept a Republican-labeled bill; similarly, Republican opposition to tougher proposals from such liberals as Illinois Democrat Paul Douglas and New York Republican Jack Javits was based on the reasonable assumption that a punitive bill would never pass.

**Flesh & the Spirit.** Between carousing on the cots and caucusing in the corridors, the civil rights coalition ended up the first week's filibuster with baggy eyes and saggy spirits. Purred rumbled Ev Dirksen: "The flesh rides herd on the spirit. Soon I must lie down and let Morpheus embrace me."

Before inviting Morpheus home for the night, Ev Dirksen, Lyndon Johnson & Co. had much more to do. Dick Russell's determined Southerners seemed prepared to filibuster for at least another week; they had already broken the 1954 high mark (of 85 hr. 23 min.) by rattling off about 1,000,000 words in no less than 125 hr. 31 min. And Lyndon Johnson, working furiously day and night to create a unified front and a workable bill, had to continue laboring within a complex framework made more difficult by his own presidential ambitions and by his desire to help his Southern friends retire gracefully from their lost cause. Most of Johnson's colleagues agreed, though, that when the U.S. Senate finally turns out its civil rights bill this year, the chief architect of victory will have been Lyndon Baines Johnson. But Johnson had yet to pull the blueprints out of his hat.

## HOW THE REFEREE BLOWS THE WHISTLE

*Key passage in the civil rights legislation that has provoked the Southern filibuster is the Federal Referee Plan, devised by the Justice Department, incorporated into a House bill by Ohio Republican William McCulloch, and carried over as well to the Senate as the foremost of the Administration's proposals. This, in general, is how the plan would work:*

1. When a voter complains to the U.S. Attorney General that he has been denied the right to vote, the Attorney General may request a federal court to determine whether a "pattern" of discrimination exists in the locality. If the court so finds, the federal judge appoints a master in chancery, to be called a voting referee. The referee (or referees) would interview the complainant to determine his qualification to vote. (One area of compromise, devised by Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson: a period of grace before the appointment of referees, which would give the state the chance to correct the "pattern.")

2. Once the pattern of discrimination has been determined, any other petitioner of the same race or group may, for a period of a year, seek through the referee a certificate qualifying him to vote and assuring him the right to vote and to be counted. He is required to swear that he has been denied the opportunity to register. Applying valid state laws—including "usages and customs" as they apply to whites—the referees would handle interviews out of the presence of state officials, would monitor the applica-

tions, keep stenographic records of any oral qualification tests. Along with documentary evidence, the referee would submit his list of qualified or unqualified voters to the court.

3. The Justice Department would then transmit a copy of the referee's report to the state attorney general or local voting officials with an order to show cause (within ten days) why the federal court should not formally order the proper registration of the qualified voters. The state would have an opportunity to prove the ineligibility of any individual, e.g., it might be proved that the petitioner is a non-resident of the state, but it could not arbitrarily hale the petitioner into court to dispute the referee's findings.

4. Armed with a federal court certificate, the qualified voter would then register and vote in both state and federal elections—if need be, in the presence of the referee, who would also attend the vote count. In cases where state officials refuse to comply (in the past, for example, registration boards have frustrated Negro attempts to vote merely by shutting their offices), they would be open to punishment for contempt of the federal court.

## THE SUPREME COURT "A Firm Foundation"

While the Southerners kept the Senate stalled on civil rights, the Supreme Court last week pressed forward the cause of Negro voting rights in the South. Unanimously overturning the ruling of a U.S. district court in Georgia, the Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the key section of the Civil Rights Act of 1957 which empowers the Justice Department to file civil suit on behalf of Negroes denied the right to vote by local officials.

The first use of the act—and its first legal test—came in southern Georgia's Terrell County, where in 1956 only 48 of 5,036 voting-age Negroes were registered. (In contrast, 2,679 of 3,233 voting-age whites were qualified.) Among Negroes denied the ballot because of "illiteracy" were four teachers with college degrees. Faced with the Justice Department's complaint and request for an injunction against Terrell County's registrars, Georgia-born District Judge T. Hoyt Davis reasoned that the Constitution does not forbid racial discrimination by private citizens, and that the Civil Rights Act might permit suits against private citizens as well as state officials. Therefore, ruled he, the act is unconstitutional.

In the Supreme Court's contrary opinion, Justice William J. Brennan Jr. sternly lectured Judge Davis. "The delicate power of pronouncing an Act of Congress unconstitutional," said he, "is not to be exercised with reference to hypothetical cases." The act was clearly constitutional in its application to Terrell County, ruled Brennan, and Judge Davis must now try the Justice Department's complaint on its merits. U.S. Attorney General William P. Rogers, who had himself argued the crucial Georgia case before the Supreme Court, jubilantly said the court's decision proved that the Civil Rights Act "is a firm foundation for further congressional action."

Relying on its Georgia decision in another voting case, the court unanimously affirmed the order of Louisiana U.S. District Judge J. Skelly Wright that the names of 1,377 Negroes be restored to the voting rolls of Washington Parish. Names of 85% of the parish's Negro voters, Louisiana-born Judge Wright found, had been "purged" by Citizens Council records ferrets for a variety of niggling reasons, but white voting records were virtually untouched. At the Justice Department's request, the court swiftly upheld Judge Wright's order, so that the Negroes might go back on the voting rolls before Louisiana's April 19 general election.

## RACES

### Brushfire

As quickly as the white South stamped out one spark, the brushfire caught in dozens of faraway communities. In five weeks, Negro "sit-in" demonstrations at segregated lunch counters had raced from North Carolina to South Carolina to Virginia to Florida to Tennessee and into

Deep South Alabama. A unique protest against Jim Crow kindled by four college freshmen in Greensboro, N.C. (TIME, Feb. 22), the Gandhi-like Negro civil disobedience campaign, without any apparent central organized direction, continued to spread:

¶ In Montgomery, Ala., after a white man beat a Negro woman with a baseball bat in a sidewalk incident, 1,000 Negroes silently marched to the white-columned first capital of the Confederate states to pray and sing the *Star-Spangled Banner*. In retaliation for the march, Governor John Patterson ordered nine Negro students expelled from Alabama State College, placed 20 others on strict probation.

¶ In Orangeburg, S.C., 600 students from two Negro colleges paraded in the streets with placards that proclaimed "We Want Liberty" and "Segregation Is Dead." Arrested after a scuffle were a white man and a Negro girl.

¶ In Sumter, S.C., 26 Negroes were arrested for refusing to leave a segregated

turn hoses on several thousand rioting whites and Negroes. Last week the flames leaped to Nashville, as 500 Negroes surged through downtown variety, drug and department stores, left a wake of closed counters and pushed on to the Greyhound and Trailways bus terminals. Sixty-four Negro students were arrested, most of them for refusing to leave the Greyhound lunch counter while police searched for a reported bomb. Charged with violation of the city code, they at first declined to post \$50 bonds, said in a statement, "We cannot find it in our hearts to pay fines that would support injustice and immoral practices." Later the students changed their minds, were released pending trial this week.

A leader of the sit-ins, the Rev. James Morris Lawson Jr., 31, was expelled from Vanderbilt University's divinity school by the trustees because of his "strong commitment to a planned campaign of civil disobedience." At week's end Lawson and 79 others, mostly Negroes, were arrested.



Associated Press

NEGRO STUDENT RALLY IN MONTGOMERY CHURCH  
Flares in tinder-dry territory.

lunch counter. At the capital, Columbia, 200 young Negroes marched downtown amid white hecklers for nearly two hours, left when City Manager Irving McNayr warned that "an explosive situation" was abiding. After students had agreed to halt demonstrations, a cross burning on a Negro college campus touched off a brick-throwing invasion of a white drive-in by 50 Negroes.

¶ In Tampa, Miami, Sarasota, St. Petersburg and Daytona Beach, Fla., sit-ins stirred Governor LeRoy Collins to brand the demonstrations "dangerous and illegal" under state law.

¶ In Tuskegee, Ala., Negro students at the well-known Tuskegee Institute launched an all-out boycott against local white merchants in their "fight for first-class citizenship."

As it crackled across the South, the lunch-counter protest burned most vividly in tinder-dry Tennessee, where fortnight ago Chattanooga firemen were forced to

on state charges of conspiracy to disrupt trade and commerce. (Maximum penalty: eleven months and 29 days and/or \$1,000 fine.) They were quickly bailed out; 16 Vanderbilt divinity faculty members posted bond for Lawson. Meanwhile, worried Mayor Ben West ("Please, let's avoid a blood bath in this community") met with a newly appointed bi-racial committee to seek a solution to the sit-ins.

The zeal of Southern Negro students rubbed off on white colleagues thousands of miles away. Sympathy pickets appeared last week before Woolworth's stores in Boulder, Colo., Madison, Wis., and Boston, lent weight to a drive organized by the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) to exert economic pressure against five-and-dime chains. Variety stores in North and South were feeling the pinch of Negro economic pressure—a new weapon long deemed too risky—but so far the Negroes had not yet won so much as an integrated cup of coffee below the Potomac.



IKE & WELCOMING THRONG IN SANTIAGO  
"When you undertake service..."

Associated Press

## THE PRESIDENCY

### Operation Amigo

As the President landed back on U.S. territory he brought home with him still another remarkable diplomatic triumph for the nation. His grueling ten-day journey through four free Latin American republics had turned out to be, with rare exception, a carnation-strewn show of affection for Dwight Eisenhower and the people he represents. Somehow—with flashing smile that never faded, with dignity that never trucked, with simple words that went down as well in Argentina as they do in Ahilene—the President got across the message of creative friendship and collective responsibility in the name of the long-misunderstood "Colossus of the North."

In Argentina, the press made much out of reporting that the enthusiastic reception at seaside Mar del Plata had moved the President of the U.S. to a public display of warm and very human tears. In Brazil, acting Foreign Minister Fernando Ramos de Alencar reflected that "to us who shook hands with him, it was like being visited by Santa Claus." In Chile, lanky, Lincoln-esque President Jorge Alessandri toasted Eisenhower: "You have conquered our hearts." In Uruguay, Eduardo Victor Haedo, a federal councilman who will rotate into the council presidency next year, said: "Eisenhower's personal history and the policy of his Government, which rectified many errors of previous Administrations that I personally denounced many times, contribute to the strengthening of the Uruguayan people's confidence, which Eisenhower has won."

**The Most Successful.** What were the secrets of the President's personal diplomacy? How had he managed to communicate what a whole nation stands for—

communicate it to the peoples of Latin America, just a few months after he had accomplished the same in Europe and Asia? There were no secrets—but plenty of reasons. Some of them showed that Eisenhower has more than a sparkling personality; in the era of personal diplomacy, he is the world's most successful international politician. Items:

¶ During his many motor parades, the President cast his blue eyes and directed outspread arms not only left and right but also up high and around, sweeping in the welcomers perched atop roofs and on balconies, acknowledging the cheers of even the smallest groups. Days after he left, streetcleaners and cops, housewives and bartenders were still chattering about *El Viejo Sonriente* (The Smiling Old Man) and insisting that he had personally waved to each one of them.

¶ He addressed his fellow Latin American Presidents as co-partners. He conspicuously sought their advice on world problems, e.g., disarmament, so that he could go to the forthcoming summit conference "with a clear understanding of the views of our friends in this region." (Editorialized Rio's *Journal do Brasil*: "This is the first time that we talk to the U.S. on equal standing.") He also endorsed some of the Presidents' pet projects. Example: in Chile, he laid the groundwork for President Alessandri's plan for hemisphere disarmament by promising immediate U.S. military aid if any hemisphere nation is attacked. And behind the scenes, hand-picked U.S. experts mapped follow-up actions with Latin leaders (see THE HEMISPHERE).

¶ He said the right thing at the right time. A speech by Chile's President Alessandri moved Ike to say feelingly that "I have never heard a more statesmanlike speech." A reception in Santiago prompted him to remark that "I can't remember

when I have been so deeply moved." The President also bowed to his hosts' pride in their own culture and language. "There seems to be no word in the English language," he said in Santiago, "which would permit me to express the feeling I have for the affection I believe I saw in the crowds along the route here today."

¶ He identified himself with the people. In his closest exposure to the grinding poverty of many Latin Americans, Ike took 90 minutes off to tour Santiago's U.S.-aided San Gregorio development of 1,500 tiny, low-cost (about \$500) houses. Thousands of proud, hopeful householders lined the straight, dusty streets to chant "Eye-kee, Eye-kee." When the President spotted some sunflowers popping out of one backyard, his face lit up, and he broke ranks to chat with the householder. Said Ike: "We had sunflowers in my boyhood state." He asked a teacher how many nurses there were to care for San Gregorio's 1,500 families. Answer: Ten. Said Ike: "You ought to have 50." He made a few small contributions to a school and a church (\$20 each—though advisers had told him beforehand not to give more than \$10).

¶ He disarmed and charmed critics by responding intelligently and gracefully. The 25,000-member Students' Federation of Chile sent to Ike a long open letter, critical of U.S. policies, e.g., of "looking benevolently on dictators." To the students' pleasant amazement, the President not only acknowledged the letter but promised a detailed reply upon his return to the U.S. Meantime, he said that "we repudiate dictatorship in any form, right or left." This scored a point with the students, many of whom lean leftward. But the President really carried the day with his declaration: "We are not saints—we know we make mistakes—but our heart is in the right place."

¶ He stayed cool in a few hot spots. At



AFTER TEAR GAS IN URUGUAY  
"... you have adopted a code."

UPI

Montevideo, the unabashed Uruguayans gave the most hectic welcome of all to Ike. About 400,000 strong, they showered him with homemade confetti and what the daily *El Pais* called "tremendous applause . . . addressed to the man . . . and to the symbol." But some 100 university students—including diehard Trotskyites and foggy anarchists led by tough non-student Communist elders—had unrolled an anti-American streamer, hurled tin cans and books at the President's fast-moving (30 m.p.h.) motorcade. Police drenched the demonstrators with fire hoses and tear-gas bombs, and military bands struck up with music. Through this madhouse scene, Ike stood unperturbed in his open car, turned his back on the demonstrators, and waved his arms as the crowds redoubled their cheers. Then the President caught some tear gas in his eyes and throat. He sat down, blinking. Moments later he was up again. At ride's end, a beaming Dwight Eisenhower observed that he was well used to student demonstrations, called this one "only a small thing."

"To Hell with It." The minor flare-up in Montevideo was a wisp of a reminder that the President's mission of far-ranging personal diplomacy is accomplished at the cost of some personal risk. The point was underscored on the return flight. Six miles above the wild Mato Grosso jungle of Central Brazil, about two hours before the scheduled refueling stop at Paramaribo in the former Dutch colony of Surinam, the right outboard engine of the presidential Boeing 707 began losing oil. The President's pilot, Colonel William Draper, nursed it for about an hour, passed the yellow Amazon River at 550 m.p.h., then decided to cut the engine when he began to get an amber oil-pressure warning light. Draper, on the radio, alerted air-sea rescue units, then notified the President about 15 minutes out, went on to make his three-engine landing uneventfully. The President put the extra 45-minute stopover to good use, lunched with local officials before taking off in the spare jet that had tagged along for just such an emergency, flew to Puerto Rico. He landed tired and hoarse.

"The more I have seen of foreign relations," said Dwight Eisenhower in an off-the-cuff speech to families of the U.S. embassy at Montevideo just before leaving South America, "the more I have come to the conclusion that America is judged by what each of us does, says and how he acts. Now this is in the mass so terribly important that each individual is often very apt to forget it. And they say: 'To hell with it—this is my life and I'm going to live it as I please.' But when you undertake service, particularly in the United States Government, to a certain extent you have adopted a code—a code of conduct that demands the best you have in spirit and intelligence and perseverance."

And that was as good an explanation as any of the secret of Dwight Eisenhower's remarkable success in personal foreign relations.

## MASSACHUSETTS

### Sin & the Sea

Gripping the prisoner's box in the crowded Boston courtroom, the thin, drawn defendant spoke haltingly in accented English to the twelve men who would decide his fate. "I have committed the sin of adultery with Mrs. Lynn Kauffman, and my wife has forgiven me of punishment," said Dutch Radio Operator Willem Van Rie, 31, accused of killing the Chicago divorcee and throwing her battered body into Boston harbor after a torrid, 44-day passage from Singapore aboard the freighter *Utrecht* (TIME, Oct. 12). "But I never kicked, or hit, or beat Mrs. Kauffman," said Van Rie, his voice shaky. "As God is my witness, I'm telling the truth."

While the jury weighed his words and the evidence last week, Defendant Van



VAN RIE & WIFE  
Home is the sailor.

Rie and his faithful, matronly wife, Nella, 31, sat in a bare detention room holding hands and reciting the rosary. Finally, after deliberating through 20 ballots and almost 16 hours, the jurors reached their verdict: not guilty.

In a dramatic, 45-minute monologue, Van Rie had concluded his testimony by repudiating a "false" statement—sweated from him, he said, in a night-long grilling by New York and Boston police—that he visited Lynn Kauffman's cabin the night of her death. Nor could the prosecution produce a witness who had seen him near the cabin. Sweeping aside a mass of unconvincing circumstantial evidence, the jury's verdict left the death of pretty, 23-year-old Lynn Kauffman a mystery-shrouded suicide. Said the foreman of the jury: "I don't think the state proved its case." Said happy, tearful Nella Van Rie, embracing her husband: "Willem has promised that he will never again go to sea."

## CALIFORNIA

### Court of Last Resort

Capital punishment, said California's Governor Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown in a 1,500-word special message to the state legislature last week, is "a gross failure," primarily inflicted "upon the weak, the poor, the ignorant and against racial minorities. Beyond its horror and incivility, it has neither protected the innocent nor deterred the wicked." As he promised to do when he yielded to global clamor and put off for 60 days the execution of Kidnaper-Author Caryl Chessman last month (TIME, Feb. 29), Brown was asking the legislature to reconsider the state's death penalty—and, in so doing, to give him inferentially some guidance on how to dispose of the keen-minded kidnaper-pervert who had managed to delay his execution for 11½ years.

The legislature's reaction to Brown's plea was icy. Speaking the mood of hostile lawmakers, Republican Assemblyman Bruce F. Sumner charged that Democrat Brown had "ducked his responsibility," put the legislature "in the unfair position of being a court of last resort for Chessman." Brown's bill, which would mean life imprisonment for Chessman and 21 others condemned (including one woman), was sent to the senate judiciary committee. Said Chairman Edwin J. Regan, a Democrat, who scheduled a hearing this week: "I would think that if the bill were not reported out by the committee, that would be the end of it."

Meanwhile, Los Angeles County Superior Judge Clement D. Nye set Chessman's ninth execution date: May 2. Just as predictable as the death of Brown's bill in the legislature was the likelihood that California would march toward Caryl Chessman's ninth execution date amid still another great worldwide uproar.

## MICHIGAN

### Wash Up & Check Out

Michigan Governor G. (for Gerhard) Mennen Williams is almost as durable a fixture on the state landscape as the Ford River Rouge plant. Elected by a landslide in 1948, he shrewdly built a Democratic machine on grass-roots upstate organization and the downstate power of Walter Reuther's United Automobile Workers, was re-elected for five successive terms, a national record. Last week crew-cut, ruggedly handsome "Soapy" Williams, 49, wearing his original 1948 green polka-dot bow tie, got on a statewide TV network to announce that he would not run for a seventh term.

Politicos around the state gave the Governor a high grade for good sense; he is getting out in time. There is plenty of evidence to show that his popularity has been ebbing regularly since his last election, when Soapy himself was the Democratic ticket's fifth-ranking vote getter. To this attrition was added the glaring fact of Michigan's slowly crumbling fiscal status (TIME, March 23, 1959 et seq.). Soapy got clobbered by Republicans in

the state senate when he fought with months-long stubbornness for a state tax on personal incomes. After things went from bad to worse, he accepted a make-shift nuisance tax on such items as beer, cigarettes and medicines, which will help the state get through 1960. Michigan's voters will have to tackle the problem anew this fall.

In such an atmosphere, Millionaire Williams (Mennen shaving cream, etc.) is well out of a jam by washing up and checking out. He has realistically written off his hopes of getting on the national ticket this year, told his TV audience that he would like "to work for the cause of peace in some public office" or, barring that, "as a private citizen."

## DEMOCRATS

### The Hungry Eye

With the help of his smooth-running national organization, Presidential Aspirant John Fitzgerald Kennedy keeps a hungry eye on every likely delegate to the Democratic National Convention, strikes the pose of a man picking up entire state delegations in a dead-sure grip. But last week Jack Kennedy settled for a half-loaf of delegates in California (81 votes) and a half-grip on Kansas (21 votes), while his hungry-eyed associates insisted that this was all he ever wanted.

Kennedy men had long hinted that Kennedy might enter California's June Democratic primary against Governor Edmund Brown, if "Pat" Brown did not give their candidate a huge helping of the 162 half-vote delegates picked for his favorite-son slate. They waved private polls indicating that Kennedy could defeat Brown right in front of his own Golden Gate. When Brown's state selection committee met last fortnight to make up a tentative list of delegates, Kennedy Aide Lawrence O'Brien took up a post at a nearby motel. In the final selection, about 25% of the delegates seemed certain to be Kennedy's once released by Favorite Son

Brown, another 25% if the Kennedy bandwagon got rolling fast; Adlai Stevenson, Stuart Symington and Hubert Humphrey were reckoned at about 10% apiece, with no known support for Lyndon Johnson. After studying the results, Kennedy finally bowed out of the California primary last week—taking his half-loaf instead of stirring the wrath of California Democratic leaders, who want to avoid an expensive, party-splitting fight.

In Kansas, Kennedy forces claimed to have control of the delegation through one man: Governor George Docking. But Favorite Son Docking did nothing to squelch the recent upsurge of party sentiment for Senator Stuart Symington, whose Missouri support spills across the state line. In the 42-man delegation, guessed Governor Docking, Kennedy and Symington are running about even in a delegation that votes under a unit rule. Kennedyites explained that they had taken off the pressure so as not to hurt Governor Docking in his unprecedented campaign for a third term.

At week's end Docking made it clear that his Kansas delegation, like much of Pat Brown's California vote, would stay very iffy until the Wisconsin primary next April 5.\* Said he: "If he wins there, he's going to be so far ahead they'll have a long way to go to catch up with him before the convention. If he doesn't, we're right back where we are now—we just won't know where."

## ARMED FORCES

### Through the Ice to the Pole

Two hovering helicopters dumped bright flowers on the dented and travel-worn U.S. nuclear submarine *Sargo* last week as it churned back to its Pearl Harbor home base after a 6,000-mile round

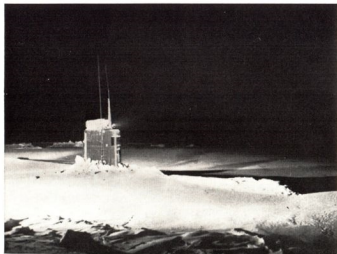
\* Last week Pollster George Gallup showed Kennedy catching up with Vice President Richard Nixon in a national poll, coming from behind in January (47% Kennedy, 53% Nixon) to an even fifty-fifty split.

trip to the North Pole. When *Sargo's* boyish skipper, Lieut. Commander John H. Nicholson, 35, told his tale, it was clear that the warm welcome was hard earned by cold courage.

Early on the morning of Feb. 9, *Sargo's* sophisticated SINS (for Ship's Inertial Navigation System) picked out the Pole. Up poked the sub's massive sail, i.e., superstructure, lifting with it a three-foot layer of ice. Crewmen axed through the ice, climbed down a ladder, found by celestial navigation check that they had scored a bull's-eye—the Pole was only 25 yards away. Electronics Technician Second Class Harold ("Pineapple") Meyer marched to the pole, planted a candy-striped pole on the spot, and hoisted the state flag of Hawaii. While other crewmen went out in rotating groups of 20 to explore, Skipper Nicholson radioed to Operation Deepfreeze headquarters at the South Pole (loud and clear). Then he submerged, took *Sargo* on "a quick seven-minute trip around the world."

On two of their Arctic surfacings, the crewmen spotted tracks of polar bears, happily went hunting for them. Score: none sighted, none bagged. But they had other adventures. The tougher surfacings and a close scrape against the ice pushed in *Sargo's* sail, punched a pair of holes in its afterdeck, ripped out a plastic dome in its bow. Once the sub scraped within five feet of the ocean's bottom; another time it came within an ace of being frozen rock-solid in the ice.

Taking risks paid dividends, *Sargo's* disciplined crew proved, among other things, that 1) the sub's guidance systems can be rated at pinpoint accuracy, 2) U.S. subs can travel submerged through the ice-locked Bering Straits in midwinter, 3) they can reach the top of the world from east or west at any time of year, and 4) that there are many more surfacing areas than previously suspected. All of this was glad news to scientists—and to future skippers of the U.S. Navy's Polaris-firing nuclear submarine fleet.



"SARGO" SURFACED AT POLE

Warm welcome earned by cold courage.



CREWMEN PLANTING FLAG

U.S. Navy

# 15 MINUTES TO BEAT THE BOMB To SAC, the Klaxon Is a Call to Arms

*If the 1960 defense debate has raised new uncertainties about the growth of Soviet missile power, it has underscored one certainty about present-day U.S. deterrent power: the U.S. deterrent is only as good as its reaction time. Today, the free world's one great deterrent is the Strategic Air Command's 24-hour-a-day, year-round ground alert system, a wonder of organizational achievement that keeps a rotating one-third of SAC bomber forces so sensitized that they can get off within 15 minutes' notice from any one of at least 65 SAC bases on the globe. Last week TIME Correspondent Ed Rees reported from SAC's Westover A.F.B. in Massachusetts on one B-52 alert crew in action:*

**I**N the act of reporting for alert duty, Lieut. Colonel Dante Bulli and his crew in effect braced themselves at the end of a taut, outstretched spring. The trigger was the rasping sound of a klaxon horn. At any moment, that horn might blow. It could mean that a Soviet nose cone was on its way carrying destruction, and that there were 15 minutes in which to get off the ground and head for preassigned Soviet targets. There would be no time for second thoughts, no room for second-guessing as to whether some button-pusher was running a test. To the SAC alert crews, the klaxon is a cry to arms.

Command Pilot Bulli's first business was to get his eight-jet B-52 combat-ready. Aircraft No. 264 was towed to a spot near Runway 05 called "the Christmas Tree," a hardtop strip that is branched with parking stubs, one for each alert plane. The six-man air crew then spent three hours "cooking" the plane so that it would be ready for instant take-off. They ran through pages of check-list items, threw on selected switches that would bring scores of units to life as soon as the main power was turned on. Pilot Bulli finished his part of the check list, made sure that his 40 lbs. of printed manuals were in place, stowed his .357-cal. Smith & Wesson Magnum near his seat. Finally, he put a sign in the windshield. It read "COCKED."

**Military Retreat.** His plane at the ready, Bulli met with the commander of the alert crew that he relieved, and received the Positive Control envelope (containing Fail Safe procedures, codes, frequencies) and the black combat data box (target information, maps, radar photos). Signing for it in the presence of a supervising officer, Bulli, 37, now legally assumed responsibility for the thermonuclear bomb in the bay. The spring was drawn: Plane 264 was ready to roll, had a full load of fuel and a multi-

megaton bomb aboard that is equal in force to ten Atlas ICBMs, or to the sum of all the bombs dropped on Europe by all the Allied planes in World War II.

For the seven days of their alert duty, Bulli and the other five of his crew go into a military retreat. They sleep in the same quarters, stay always within reach of one another. They travel in a blue station wagon that is striped with a yellow band and topped with a revolving red Grimes light, is always kept warmed up and ready to go.

**News from Home.** Their temporary home is a "molehole" adjacent to the Christmas Tree. It is a square, white (for thermal reflection) concrete structure entered through green corrugated steel tubes. It is partially blastproof (most of the 72 duty flight and ground crewmen live in the underground section) and completely soundproof. The area is guarded at the barbed-wire fences by police dogs and armed sentries. The guards even have a secret code—by voice or glance—to cover the possibility that an airman might enter in the company of a saboteur who has an unseen gun in the man's ribs. Any suspicious occurrence—the sudden toss of a stone, a drunken soldier—is flashed to Eighth Air Force headquarters immediately as a "seven high" report.

In their molehole quarters, Bulli and his men sleep, lounge, eat in a special mess hall (no highly seasoned or gas-forming foods). They keep in touch with their families by phone (most frequent request: bring laundry to the base), often find, as one officer says, that alert duty is usually the time that "your furnace at home goes out or the dog gets lost, or your wife gets moody on the phone." There is no time for boredom. Some sit in seclusion in locked-door study rooms, poring over target data (they never discuss targets with other crews; no crew knows the target of another). And all the time they wait for the horn. There is no itchy tension; their sharp reflexes have been honed by intense training, their character hardened by one of SAC's most successful ingredients—motivation.

**Aa-oo-uuggghha!** The Bulli crew was lounging amiably at 11 a.m. one day last week when came the blood-curdling aa-oo-uuggghha! of the klaxon that pierces ears and reverberates in stomachs. Bulli and his men exploded from the molehole and raced for their plane. Copilot Richard Franz, 40, scampered up the forward ladder, and started to snap switches. Pilot Bulli clambered after him, swung his leg over the throttle quadrant, taking care not to upset switches or move dials.



B-52 ALERT, WESTOVER A.F.B.

From the radios came the command post voice: "Brakes, brakes. This is Alert Bravo. Authentication Delta. Brakes, brakes. This is Alert Bravo . . ." (The radio reminds Bulli to secure his brakes so that his plane will not roll when he starts his engines.) Bulli flicked on his engine switches. No. 3 fired up, then No. 4; he gangbarred the other six simultaneously. In 45 seconds, all eight fires were roaring. Outside, crewmen hustled around disconnecting external power units. At exactly 11:04—four minutes after the klaxon—Bulli was ready for taxiing. If command post should signal a Coco alert, Bulli would start rolling for the runway. A call of Juliet or Romeo would send him into the air by 11:07 (well ahead of the 15-minute maximum requirement) to 40,000 feet-plus by 11:37.

**Sentries & Showers.** But SAC rarely runs an alert beyond Alpha (crew in the cockpit) or Bravo (engine run-up), never beyond Coco (take-off position on the runway). SAC does not fly cocked aircraft. Reason: any change in a plane's ground alert status is regarded as "uncocking" and lessens the alert capability. Alert planes returning from a practice mission would be in no shape for a real-life turn-around to actual war missions; if they were in the landing pattern when the klaxon sounded the real thing, they would have to be refueled and their crews would need rest. These planes are front-line sentries; to take them into the air would be like ordering front-line combat troops to empty their pieces in target practice.

Nevertheless, SAC crews play their deadly game of Beat the Clock as if each alert were the real thing. And when they get the sign-off, they return to their moleholes to await again the sound of that eerie klaxon; it could come again in five minutes or five hours. Usually, though, the alert crews can count on enough time to clean up. "The only time you dare take a shower," says one pilot, "is right after an alert. Some day they'll fool us and blow the horn again just after we get back."

# FOREIGN NEWS

## ALGERIA

### The Pep Talk

Heading off for a tour of French army bases in Algeria, Charles de Gaulle kept his itinerary secret, took with him only a handful of aides and a single reporter—Agence France-Presse's Jean Mauriac, son of Novelist François Mauriac. In Paris, was cracked that the general was traveling more like a spy than a head of state, and in Algiers, disgruntled European settlers jeered that he was afraid to face them. But within 24 hours, diehard French officers in Algeria were gleefully proclaiming: "We've got him!"

Traveling across Algeria's rugged countryside in helicopters and observation planes, De Gaulle ate in brigade messes, insisted on delivering a pep talk to the officers of each unit he visited. Over and over again, according to both Reporter Mauriac and army spokesmen, De Gaulle plugged a single theme: "Separated from France, Algeria would not be able to live; on the other hand, the Algerian Moslems cannot be Frenchmen from Provence or Brittany . . . The Algerian problem will not be solved for a long, long time . . . It will not be solved before the final victory brought about by French arms . . . France is determined to stay in Algeria . . . She must not leave. She will stay."

In Paris, downcast moderates puzzled over the apparent direct contradiction between these statements and De Gaulle's previous insistence that the Algerians must be allowed to choose by free vote anything from complete integration with France to complete independence. Socialist Leader Guy Mollet challenged the accuracy of Mauriac's stories, and right-wing Deputy Colonel Jean Robert ("Leather Nose") Thomazo incredulously remarked: "I was expelled from the [Gaullist] Party for saying less."

But nobody in authority (particularly in the army, delighted by the new stand) challenged Reporter Mauriac's ears. The general had long ago warned: "If the Algerian rebels persist in behaving stupidly, I will wage war." The recent equivocal response of rebel "Premier" Ferhat Abbas to De Gaulle's cease-fire offers is said to have convinced De Gaulle that the rebels are not interested in ending the Algerian war, but only in shifting blame for its continuance onto him. To unhappy Parisians, peace in Algeria seemed farther away than at any time since De Gaulle took power.

## MOROCCO

### The Dead City

Lying between sand-colored mountains and the blue rollers of the Atlantic, the Moroccan seaport of Agadir (pop. 48,000) felt a slight earth tremor one afternoon last week. It was strong enough to tilt the pictures in Room 6 of the Marhaba resort hotel, but Mrs. Philip Mole, a British tourist, decided against

mentioning it to her husband because he might worry. On the hilltop Casbah, a 16th-century fortress, the tremor knocked over a slop pail in the mud-brick house of 16-year-old Hassan ben Mohammed, and he was scolded by his father for not having taken the pail outside. In a five-story apartment building in the European-style new city, the shock woke Mme. André Alabert from her siesta, and she called to her husband that someone was knocking at the door. He told her to go back to sleep.

**Homage to Strength.** Next day, life in Agadir\* went on as usual. Moslem workers from the Casbah and the Talborjt quarter at the bottom of the hill traveled to their jobs in the mines, canneries and on the docks. Agadir's small Jewish colony (2,200) opened its shops and trucking offices.

Tourists Philip Mole and his wife had a swim at Agadir's superb beach. André Alabert was in the office of his prosperous electrical-equipment factory, and young Hassan took his father's three donkeys to pasture. That night at 10:50, Agadir was shaken again. Seventy-five Moslems from the Talborjt quarter hurried to their mosque confident that, on this third day of the holy month of Ramadan, Allah would "not strike us while we are paying homage to his strength, omnipotence and mercy."

**Dust-Choked Dark.** At 11:45 p.m., uncounted thousands of people and the entire city died. The great earthquake lasted only twelve seconds, and all of the damage was done in the two "center" seconds. In that catastrophic moment, the earth under Agadir moved 4 ft. and then wrenched back again, bringing down 70% of the city and burying its citizens in the rubble of their houses. A tidal wave from the Atlantic swept 300 yds. in from the shore. Lights went out, and the city's streets were flooded by bursting mains. Screams pierced the dust-choked dark, and fires began to flicker in the broken

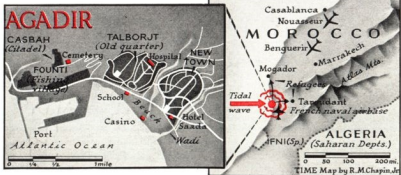
city, but all of Agadir's fire engines were buried in the ruins.

In the Casbah, 98% of the buildings collapsed and nearly two-thirds of their 2,500 inhabitants died. Young Hassan saved himself and his baby sister but lost his parents and grandparents. The Talborjt quarter at the foot of the Casbah was 80% leveled. Only the minaret of the mosque remained standing; its roof and walls had fallen in, crushing the 75 worshippers. An estimated 1,500 of Agadir's 2,200 Jews perished in the night.

In the new city the ruin was not quite total. Philip Mole and his wife were playing bridge in the lobby of the Marhaba Hotel when the ceiling fell; they were even able to go to their rooms and pack their belongings before leaving the hotel. The other two tourist hotels in the city collapsed, and the wife of a vacationing U.S. Air Force lieutenant was pinned for 38 hours in the wreckage of the Hotel Saada before being rescued.

**Rats & Jackals.** The first help for Agadir came from the nearby French naval airbase, which sent trucks, stretchers and fire-fighting equipment. From three U.S. bases came 300 men with bulldozers, generators and portable operating rooms. Moroccan soldiers poured in the next day. The badly injured were flown out to Casablanca and Rabat 50 at a time, but the planes arrived with many dead. Other wounded lay on stretchers in the streets, calling for water during the stifling heat of day, moaning in the cold of the African night. Rats and jackals dug for food in the ruined city, and weakening voices still cried from the tumbled buildings in French, Arabic, German, Swedish and English. The exhausted rescue teams working under the blazing noonday sun wore wet handkerchiefs across the lower parts

\* Known previously to aging history students as the site of a crisis that almost precipitated World War I. In 1911, as France was extending its influence over Morocco, Germany sent a small warship to Agadir to protect the "lives and property" of German merchants. British pressure finally produced a settlement.





MOROCCAN SOLDIERS LAYING OUT THE DEAD AT AGADIR.  
Catastrophe within the space of two seconds.

A. F. P.—Gillson

of their faces in a futile effort to cut down the dreadful stench.

**Sprinkled Lime.** The recovered dead were put to rest in mass graves. A U.S. bulldozer scraped a trench 2 ft. deep, up to 100 ft. long and 10 ft. wide. Moroccan soldiers rolled the dead in, while their dazed relatives mourned in the background. When the ditch was filled with bodies, it was sprinkled with lime, and the bulldozer covered the open grave with tons of dirt. Religious scruples complicated the gravediggers' job. Imams insisted that Moslems be buried close to the surface in accordance with local tradition in Agadir, thus increasing the danger of plague. Jews begged that their dead fellow men be buried separately from the Moslems and Christians.

Few of the living could see any future for Agadir. King Mohammed V of Morocco pledged his personal fortune to start the rebuilding of the city. But one survivor said in anguish: "The only thing I'm thinking of is getting away, really away. The quicker they destroy this place the better. I doubt if they can ever get rid of the odor." At week's end, as it was feared that the toll of dead might mount above 10,000, a French café owner uttered Agadir's epitaph: "We were a peaceful union of Moslem and Christian, Arab and European. This was a prosperous city, and we had a future. We worked and behaved ourselves. We were growing. What in God's name do you suppose we did wrong?"

## FRANCE

### Les Téléfilles

Ever since the brothels of France were closed by law after the war, amorous Frenchmen and tourists have had to make do with the makeshift arrangement of picking up a prostitute in a bar or on the street, and then retiring to the sort of

small hostelry often referred to as a *hôtel de vingt minutes*.

The system was much too crude to be Parisian, and Gabrielle Gaucher, 48, decided that the simplest solution was to introduce the call girl to France. Renting an office on Rue Laugier, not far from the Etoile, Gabrielle and a bookkeeper assistant soon assembled a list of some 400 personable girls. As the French once adopted the word "weekend," they borrowed "call girl," though some preferred to Frenchify it to *téléfilles*. When the clients came calling, Gabrielle had ready an album containing pictures of her *téléfilles*, and a brief paragraph that stated whether the girl was blonde, brunette or redheaded—and succinctly described other attributes. Sometimes Gabrielle would interview a client in depth before offering expert advice. On payment of a fee, varying from \$20 to \$60, the client received the telephone number of the Fifi or Gigi most suited to his taste.

**The Spenders.** Gabrielle usually divided the fee fifty-fifty with her girls, and had she confined her operations to supplying Paris with attractive *téléfilles*, she might never have run afoul of the law. But Gabrielle was greedy and sent some of her girls into service overseas in Casablanca, Dakar and Damascus, thus qualifying as a white-slave trafficker. Last week plump, double-chinned Gabrielle Gaucher was fined \$3,600 and deprived of civil rights for ten years. Her husband Marcel, a gay boulevardier who had lived a happy, drone-like existence on his wife's earnings, could not stand the publicity, and killed himself.

Frenchmen, who delight in intellectualizing sex as much as they do politics, noted that the principal difference between the old-style *poule de luxe* and the new *téléfilles* was the elimination of the pimp, who has traditionally dominated Parisian prostitutes and exacted a brutal

tribute from their earnings. In the opinion of Judge Marcel Sacotte, who has written a modest but informative monograph on the subject, the call girl is better educated than ordinary prostitutes. Gabrielle had insisted that each of her girls supply proof of her education, discretion and relatively amateur standing, and her list included teachers, artists, manicurists, models, a dentist, and a few young girls referred to as "starlets." An estimated 75% were divorcees, 20% unmarried, and only 5% wandering wives.

In Judge Sacotte's opinion, the call girls "have one feature in common: an extraordinary facility in spending money. As a consequence, their legitimate profession—if they have one—never earns them enough. Hence the necessity to obtain extra money through a partner of the moment, announced by telephone and furnished with discretion."

**The Tolerance.** Sacotte also finds that call girls often drop out of the business and then take it up again when in need of extra income. Thus, reasons the judge, there is more hope of eventually winning a call girl back to respectable life than is the case with common prostitutes, and more tolerance for the call girl from police and magistrates. In concluding his essay, Judge Sacotte gave generous and unstinted credit for this advance in "de luxe prostitution, perfected and modernized by the employment of the telephone," not to Gabrielle Gaucher but to its true innovator, the U.S.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### The Unhappy Memory

In London last week the bitterest and most divisive British political controversy of modern times flared into renewed life. Once again Englishmen argued in passionate detail the rights and wrongs of the Suez invasion of 1956. Cause of the furor: publication of *Full Circle*, the memoirs of former Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden.

In the *Observer*, Sir William Maycar, who was Britain's Ambassador to Moscow at the time, wrote that Suez "was morally repulsive to many people [myself included]." After World War II, Sir William continues, Britain, though declining as a military power, was gaining a new reputation for "moderation, wisdom, respect for international law . . . Suez blew it all away," and Britain was made to appear "the same old grasping imperialist as ever, but toothless and rather incompetent." If Eden had not resorted to force, "some kind of international element in the control of the canal would have been preserved; the weakness of Great Britain and France would not have been so publicly demonstrated, and many people now dead would be alive."

**Labor Pains.** Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell, plainly nettled by Eden's statement that he regarded Gaitskell's rise to leadership of the Labor Party as "a national misfortune," said that his own view of Eden as a Prime Minister was "even stronger," and bluntly called Eden's account of the Opposition's role during the

# NOT GUILTY

Says COUNSEL

(Sir Anthony Eden)

Says THE CLERK

OF THE COURT

(Sir Anthony Eden)

Says THE FOREMAN

OF THE JURY

(Sir Anthony Eden)

Says THE JURY

(Major Eden)

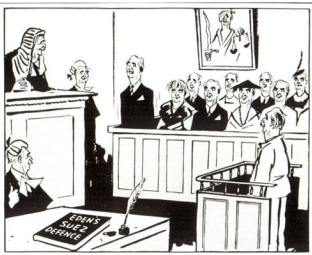
Says THE PRISONER

IN THE DOCK

(Sir Anthony Eden)

Says THE JUDGE

(Sir Anthony Eden)



Franklin—London Daily Mirror

Suez crisis "exceptionally misleading." By innuendo, Gaitskell revives the old charge of emotional instability in Eden caused by ill-health: "How it came about that [Eden] behaved in a manner completely at variance with his past is a mystery on which the memoirs throw no light." But Gaitskell himself came in for some digs from his own side, from Lord Morrison of Lambeth, the cockney "Ernie" Morrison who still resents being defeated for the party leadership by Gaitskell. As the Suez crisis deepened, wrote Lord Morrison last week, "Mr. Gaitskell and our Labor [leadership] began to take fright, to become very anti—anti-British, anti-French and anti-Israeli—and rather hysterical."

The three years since Suez have clearly not dissipated the distrust of the U.S. and contempt for the U.N. that the crisis evoked in right-wing British breasts. One of Eden's most influential advisers, the stooping, bespectacled Marquess of Salisbury (then Lord President of the Council), scornfully commented: "The fact that other members of the United Nations were not prepared, for whatever reasons, to do their duty [at Suez] was surely no excuse for us not doing ours."

**Dulles' Role.** In the London *Sunday Times*, Australia's Prime Minister Robert Menzies, who regrets only that Eden called off the attack "too promptly," calls himself still "an unrepentant supporter of Anthony Eden," though he doubts that John Foster Dulles played quite so villainous a role as Eden suggested. ("In the course of my contacts with him I found him a man of great parts and integrity.") But with a condescension toward U.S. statesmanship worthy of the British Foreign Office of 50 years ago, Drew Middleton, London bureau chief for the New York *Times*, suggested in a review in the *Times* of London that Eden's difficulties with Dulles were partly caused by Dulles' "resentment" of "Eden's easy mastery of the intricacies of international diplomacy."

Evidently speaking for most of his countrymen, whichever side they take, ex-Ambassador Hayter declared: "It is with a kind of nausea that one reverts to this

disagreeable affair." It is plain that the British, who are prone to cherish the memories of their greatest defeats, have not yet found in Suez the aura of heroism and sacrifice that leads them to take pride in Gallipoli and Dunkirk.

## The Fox Hunter

Of all the titles in England that are not bestowed by the Crown, one of the most prized for a man of distinction is that of Chancellor of Oxford. The post is almost entirely ornamental, and only twice in the last 150 years—once in 1907 and again in 1925—has there even been a public contest. And so, when the university's establishment began looking for a man to succeed the late Lord Halifax, who had been chancellor since 1933 and had won the hearts of town and gown alike by keeping a noisome gasworks out of the city, it let it be known that the affair would be handled, as usual, without fuss.

One day in January, Sir Maurice Bowra, 61, warden of Wadham College, author of *The Greek Experience*, and acting vice chancellor, called a meeting of all "heads of colleges and permanent private halls." The meeting (36 colleges, five of them women's) went down as smoothly as a glass of old port. There was talk of Lord Salisbury, but he, it turned out, had won only a "pass" and not a "first" degree. Lord Attlee had at least been a "second," but at 77 he was getting on. Then someone mentioned the name of tall, suave Sir Oliver Franks, 55, onetime professor of philosophy, former provost of Queens College, ex-Ambassador to the U.S., and now chairman of Lloyds Bank, one of Britain's biggest. With little ado, 28 of the 36 decided that Sir Oliver should be the man.

**Brains & Tongues.** The heads of colleges may not have meant to be high-handed, but that was what they seemed to be dabbled of dons. On the inspiration of Hugh Trevor-Roper, disputatious Regius Professor of modern history (*The Last Days of Hitler*), the dons found themselves with a candidate of their own—an old Balliol man who was then traveling in

Africa. Off went a telegram to ask the traveler if he would accept. After an appropriate delay, and a sounding out of chances, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, 66, said that he would.

From then on, the battle raged among England's keenest brains and sharpest tongues, though neither candidate was gauche enough to say anything himself. Looking over the list of people supporting Sir Oliver, Trevor-Roper dubbed it a "miserable list of names collected from highways and hedges." "I am with those," replied the master of Pembroke, "who feel that the chancellorship should be in the hands of a person who is neither in controversial politics nor in ministerial office." Someone cattily remembered that Trevor-Roper had been appointed Regius Professor by none other than Prime Minister Macmillan.

**Hapless Precedent.** Bemused, its barricades bristling with aphorisms, Oxford lost to Cambridge in rugby, badminton and lacrosse. In the press, antiquarians wryly recalled the dark days of 1907, when Lord Curzon, former Viceroy of India, defeated Lord Rosebery, former Prime Minister, by going to such extremes as dragging the Ambassador to Belgium all the way across the Channel to vote. Others recalled that former Prime Minister Lord Oxford and Asquith, who lost to a relatively unknown opponent, had taken his defeat hard in 1925. In order to find a precedent for a Prime Minister seeking the job while in office, historians had to go all the way back to George III's hapless Lord North, whose other distinction was to lose the American colonies.

For many insiders, the whole thing had become an exercise in serious frivolity. But not for all. Thundered the London *Times*: "To be either Prime Minister of England or Chancellor of Oxford University is each sufficient for any one man . . . We hope the majority of Oxford M.A.s,



HISTORIAN TREVOR-ROPER  
Nay, said a dabbling of dons.

whether existing, de-lapsed, or newly recruited, will elect Sir Oliver Franks."

**Oliver v. Harald.** Last week, on the two official voting days, 3,673 out of Oxford's eligible 30,000 M.A.s<sup>®</sup> turned up in robes to vote. One by one, in the great room where Parliament met in 1665 to escape the plague of London, they marked their ballots for Oliverum Shewell Franks or Mauricius Haraldus Macmillan. Education Minister Sir David Eccles was among those who had to revalidate their degrees to vote, a process that brought Oxford an unexpected windfall of \$6,000 in fees. One train brought down Aviation Minister Duncan Sandys from London. Old Laborite Lord Beveridge, 81, tottered in just in time. One M.A. came in a wheelchair, another in an ambulance. By week's end, Oxford had a new chancellor: Mauricius Haraldus Macmillan.

Why had the Prime Minister, who had won by only 279 votes, risked his prestige in a battle that so many regarded as frivolous and others as even "shameful"? According to one don who asked him, Macmillan had a characteristic reason. "It's like fox hunting," he said. "Nobody cares about the fox. It's the chase that counts."

## COMMUNISTS

### Second Time Around

The Nikita Khrushchev who put on a spectacular road show across Asia in 1955 was the man on the make, from the land on the make. The Khrushchev who ended his second Southeast Asia swing last week was a man who all too obviously thought he had it made—and meant to keep it if he could. It was a holding operation. His big purpose was to jack up Communism's prestige in Southeast Asia, which had been severely damaged by the aggressive conduct of his Chinese ally. Except perhaps in Afghanistan, his crowds were not, especially compared to President Eisenhower's—and worse, his audiences were not really with him this time. His efforts to stay neutral on the Chinese-Indian border dispute were not sufficient to win the affection of neutralist Indians, who on this issue ardently believe there can be no neutrality between right and wrong.

**On Boasting.** As he arrived home in Moscow, Western diplomats as well as Communists added up his performance. He succeeded in showing that Russia was peace-minded, but made little attempt to show that Peking was too. He was not always public-relations smooth. His rude lecturing on the evils of the multi-party state irked India's multi-party Parliament, and his arrogant boasts that Soviet aid is purely altruistic, whereas Western loans always have strings attached, provoked Nehru to comment that nations grant aid to other nations "on the ground of enlightened self-interest." In Indonesia, Khrushchev hurt President Sukarno's pride in his country's culture by walking

out halfway through a Balinese dance, and the two men—though finding each other useful—were obviously uncongenial. One mealtime exchange showed their feelings:

**Sukarno:** Indonesian socialism is not a severe socialism. It aims at a good life for all, with no exploitation.

**Khrushchev:** No, no, no! Socialism should mean that every minute is calculated—a life built on calculation.

**Sukarno:** But this is the life of a robot. In one aside, Khrushchev remarked that China's industrial achievements were being made "at too great a cost" in human accounting.

**On Barking.** A more successful part of Khrushchev's trip was to make clear that the Soviet Union is not abdicating its influence in Asia to Peking. The Soviet leader attended a New Delhi ceremony at



SUKARNO & FRIEND

It was a holding operation.

which his government extended \$378 million credits to the Indians, and later he gave \$250 million in low-interest loans to Indonesia. In Djakarta, Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko did not insist that the final communiqué include the usual plea for Red China's admission to the U.N., the Indonesians having called the suggestion "inopportune"; Peking has been giving them a bad time over their law curbing overseas Chinese traders. And in Calcutta, where Khrushchev stopped over to meet Nehru and Burma's Prime Minister-designate U Nu, the air was festive because China's Chou En-lai had meanwhile agreed to visit New Delhi to discuss the Chinese-Indian border dispute. "The Indian people will overcome difficulties," shouted Khrushchev. "Let pug dogs bark while the Indian elephant marches forward!" "We are with him on this," replied Nehru.

**On Peace & Might.** By playing up so lavishly to the Asian leaders—at a remove from the spontaneous crowds—

Khrushchev cut the ground from under local Communists. The day Khrushchev spoke in Calcutta, the chief minister of West Bengal faced down the Communist opposition leader's parliamentary criticism by citing Khrushchev's praise of Indian development. In Burma, where Communists' parliamentary strength was sliced from 45 to three in last month's elections, Khrushchev passed over local Reds to praise U Nu as "a great peace fighter." And in Indonesia, the Communist boss of the country's trade unions was thrown into jail shortly after paying a visit to Khrushchev.

Timeless in Calcutta's sun one day and trench-coated in Kabul's icy drizzle the next, the Soviet chieftain wound up his tour on a characteristic note, proclaiming himself the apostle of peace and his country "the world's strongest military power." He had mended some fences, dispensed a good deal of largesse, Peking's continued silence about his journey suggested, moreover, that the Chinese Communists had decided this was the most face-saving manner to adopt while conforming to Khrushchev's major line of peaceful coexistence.

But grandiose tours such as Khrushchev's are subject to the law of diminishing returns, and Khrushchev's second coming could not alter the fact that their experience with the Chinese Reds has caused Asians to look with a skeptical eye on Communists, whether they bear gifts or not.

### The 64,000 Question

"The Italians," says Field Marshal Erich von Manstein in his memoirs of Stalingrad, simply "disappeared from the battlefield." In the most decisive battle of World War II, the Russians, breaking through west of the city on the front held by 220,000 men of Mussolini's Italian Expeditionary Force among others, hurtled on across the Don steppes and never finally stopped till they got to Berlin. In six weeks of catastrophic rout and retreat, the Italians' ten divisions suffered casualties officially estimated at 115,000 men. Of these, they evacuated 30,000 wounded and listed 11,000 as dead. Later, the Russians returned 10,000 Italian P.W.s. What became of the other 64,000?

The Russians say that they have none. But in Italy, the question dogs the Communists in every election. In the Neapolitan district of Mergellina, an association of several hundred mothers holds regular meetings and petitions Parliament for word of their sons in Russia. When Italy's President Giovanni Gronchi was in Moscow last month, his wife, Donna Carla Gronchi, demanded an official accounting on behalf of the Italian Red Cross. "I asked for documentation for every one of the missing," she said, "and if any one of them is dead, I want to know how he died, why he died, and where he died."

Last week *Komsomolskaya Pravda* offered a partial accounting. The Soviet Commission Investigating German Atrocities had taken testimony from one Nina Pietruszkowna, a young Polish interpreter

<sup>®</sup> A degree that is automatic after a student has (1) earned his B.A., (2) kept his name on the books for 21 terms, and (3) handed over a fee of £8 (roughly \$25).

for the Italian command, who said that after Mussolini's fall in 1943, Nazi authorities in Lvov asked Italian troops and officers to swear allegiance to Hitler Germany and continue the war against the Soviet Union, and that those who refused were arrested, "More than 2,000 Italians were arrested, and the Nazis shot them all," she testified. "Among those shot were five generals and 45 officers, many of whom I knew personally."

If true, this would account for several thousand, but not the full 64,000. But Italian diplomats in Russia doubt that the Russians are now holding many Italians against their will. Perhaps many died in slave-labor camps. But most of them probably fell in battle or died of starvation or disease in the terrible winter retreat of 1942-43. Uncounted thousands of Germans, Russians and probably Italians lie buried in shallow graves hurriedly hacked in the frozen steppes across the Ukraine.

Khrushchev's own son Leonid was killed in battle against the Italians. And the father once put brutally what he thinks on the subject: "They write that we should answer what happened to the Italian soldiers who fought against us, invaded our country, and never returned to Italy. Don't they know what war is? War is a holocaust into which you jump, but it is hard to jump out again. You burn up. And in the war, the Italian soldiers burned up."

## ITALY

### A Word of Warning

Italy was in the midst of a government crisis again, created by the downfall of wispy, white-haired Premier Antonio Segni. But what seemed only an annual event (Premiers have averaged ten months in office since Italy's late great Alcide de Gasperi was defeated in 1953) became something more last week. Courteous, conservative Cesare Merzagora, 61, longtime president of Italy's Senate, dramatically posed a fundamental question: How healthy is Italy's 15-year-old postwar democracy?

Merzagora's political patience was exhausted by the extralegal manner in which Segni's minority Christian Democratic government tiptoed out of office. Fortnight ago, outraged by President Giovanni Gronchi's humiliating visit to Moscow (TIME, Feb. 22) and convinced that the Christian Democrats were slipping toward an "unclear and unclear agreement" with Italy's big, Red-tainted Socialist Party, Italy's free-enterprising Liberals announced that their 18 Deputies would no longer support Segni. Since this meant that his government could survive only by accepting Fascist support, Segni resigned without even asking for a vote of confidence.

Next day in the Senate, Merzagora coldly pointed out that this was the third Italian government in a row that had been destroyed without any consultation with Parliament. If Italy's party bosses continued to make and unmake govern-



SENATOR MERZAGORA  
For the joys of honesty.

ments in cozy backroom deals, said Merzagora, "we might as well turn Parliament into a restricted executive committee to save time and money."

Then, though he himself is a distinguished Milanese businessman, Merzagora also threw in a blunt word of warning about the malign influence exercised on Italy's government by the nation's great capitalists and its huge government corporations, which have steadily expanded since Fascist days. Said he: "An atmosphere of corruption weighs on Italian political life, polluted by speculation and unlawful financial activities . . . If Italy does not soon rediscover the joys of political honesty, very sad prospects lie before us."

Ordinary Italians, painfully aware that their politicians are too absorbed in influence peddling and office seeking to devote much attention to the nation's grave social and economic problems, mostly applauded Merzagora. But Italy's political bosses, leftists and rightists alike, chorused righteously that Merzagora was "discrediting democratic institutions." After the secretary of the Christian Democratic Party complained that the corruption charge might even be "twisted" to apply to Christian Democrats, Merzagora resigned as Senate president. After that, President Gronchi and the party bosses settled down to the agreeable political dickering that, in time, will presumably produce another carefully weighted, immobilized compromise government very like Segni's.

## TURKEY

### Unfinished Business

When Mohammed II in 1453 wrested Constantinople from the last of the Caesars, Constantine XI Palaeologus, he barely missed capturing the papal ambassador, Cardinal Isidore of Russia, as an

extra prize. But Isidore put his distinctive cardinal's hat and robes on a corpse, and in plebeian rags scuttled through a gap in the wall even as Mohammed's followers were mistakenly displaying the severed head of the corpse as Isidore's.

Although his undignified escape embarrassed the Vatican, Isidore had good reason for disappearing. Sent by Pope Nicholas V to show Western support for the Eastern Empire and to consummate the reunion of the Latin and Greek churches that had been uneasily agreed upon at the Council of Florence 14 years earlier, Isidore said Mass in St. Sophia as the Turks were gathering to batter down the walls. But disputatious followers of the monk Gennadius boycotted the church. After the fall of the city, Mohammed rewarded Gennadius by appointing him the first Ecumenical Patriarch of the Greek church under Islam. And one of Gennadius' first acts was to repudiate the Council of Florence's attempt to heal the 400-year-old East-West schism.

Last week, 507 years after Cardinal Isidore went through the wall, the Vatican again had an accredited ambassador in Istanbul. It named as apostolic internuncio (equivalent to minister plenipotentiary, and one step below apostolic nuncio or full ambassador) Francesco Lardone, 73, longtime (1924-49) professor of canon law at Catholic University of America in Washington, who last served the Vatican as nuncio to Peru. Last fall the Vatican switched Italian-born Archbishop Lardone to Istanbul as apostolic delegate to Turkey's 200,000 Catholics, mostly Eastern Rite Christians in communion with Rome. Turkey in turn has sent its first ambassador to the Vatican, veteran diplomat Nurettin Vergin.


Archbishop Lardone was finding conditions considerably improved since Cardinal Isidore's hasty departure. Turkey, since Ataturk, is a secular state. And Gennadius' successor, the Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras I, who once made his headquarters in Manhattan as Greek Orthodox primate for North and South America, is a lot more approachable on church reunion than was Gennadius. Both Athenagoras and Lardone became American citizens during their U.S. stay; though the Treaty of Lausanne required Athenagoras to become a Turk again on his election as Patriarch in 1948.

Athenagoras has said he will call an Orthodox synod this fall to consider whether Greek Orthodox churches should accept Pope John's invitation to participate in a new ecumenical council to pick up the unfinished business of the Council of Florence.

## INDIA

### Ready to Talk

After months of exchanging crusty letters over the India-Red China border dispute, Red China's Chou En-lai last week accepted Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru's invitation to come to New Delhi to talk about it. In a letter oozing good will, Chou said that because of state business



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he could not go in March, when invited, but he would go in April. He was, said Chou, grateful for Nehru's "friendly invitation," and hoped to "see the dark clouds hovering between our two countries dispersed through our joint efforts."

Though Chou conceded nothing, New Delhi optimists believe that Red China is at last concerned over its deteriorating popularity in Asia, and some thought they could guess the kind of bargain Chou hoped to strike. Red China recently settled its border dispute with Burma by abandoning its claims to Burmese territory south of the McMahon Line. Perhaps Red China would similarly confirm India's northeastern borders along the 700 miles of the watershed McMahon Line, if allowed in the northwest to keep the 9,000 square miles of Kashmir around Ladakh, where Red China has built a strategic military road running from its own Sinkiang province into Tibet.

Nehru has insisted that the boundaries between China and India are a matter of historical record, which may be discussed but not renegotiated, and that there is no point in any meeting until the Chinese first vacate their posts on Indian territory. Had he changed? Answered Nehru: "I have ventured to say that I have not changed my mind. You do not seem to realize that my mind is not so thick as to see in only one direction; it can see in two or three directions. Discussions may not be fruitful, and yet they may be advisable. Do you understand that?"

## AFRICA

### The Adventurers

A strange caravan stopped in Beirut last week to refresh itself after eight long months on the road. On July 11, a party of 101 Americans had moved out of Cape Town in a wagon train of 41 aluminum trailers and 41 pastel-colored trucks. They had zigzagged over desert, through jungle and swamp, and it was obvious that wherever they went, the natives—the black miners of the South, the willowy Watutis, the squat Pygmies, the haughty Moslems of the North—had never seen anything quite like them. The adults among the travelers were all retired, and their ages, even after 22 children were figured in, averaged 62. By last week, when it stopped, the caravan had covered 14,800 miles and gone the length of a continent.

The man who led it is a crusty, 64-year-old trailer manufacturer from Los Angeles named Wally Byam. Wally has organized 27 such "Wally Byam's Caravans" before, and his customers have almost all been elderly men and women who would rather risk as much as \$25,000 on an adventure than sit out their retirement on a back porch. For the trailer business, it has proved good publicity, but Wally likes to think that his caravans have a kind of mission. These, says he of his companions, are no ordinary big-talking, big-spending tourists. They are "a group of upper-middle-class Americans who can enjoy their leisure and be good-will ambassadors at the same time."



WALLY & MRS. BYAM GREETING PYGMIES  
In black and white.

F.P.G.

**Organization Man.** There are times when Ambassador Wally tries to show a bit too much good will to varied hosts. In segregated South Africa, the *Natal Daily News* gleefully quoted his observation that "Americans are not critical of your color policies." And last week, when informed that the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan would issue visas to the caravan only if no Jews were along, Wally airily replied: "We have it in black and white that there is not a single one in the whole group."

Wally's talent is not so much for diplomacy as organization. He demands discipline: a brash trailer owner who disputed him got left behind in Ethiopia. He also delegates the work. The head of the crucial Gas and Fuel Committee is a vigorous former banker from Texas named George Ezell, 62. Louis Mausely, who once grew apples in upstate New York, is the wagon boss who herds the trailers into frontier circle formation at night, and carries a special piece of string about as a measure to see that each is the proper distance from the other. Retired Contractor Guy Hawks, 56, of Louisville, is morale officer, who must find a missionary to hold church services each Sunday. The "postmaster" is Gene Ritchie, 61, once Kaiser Aluminum's chief engineer. "I wanted to meet people," says Ritchie, whose wife died before the trip, "and within 48 hours I knew everyone by his first name."

**Drive One, Work Two.** The trailers, fitted with kitchen, shower, radio, window screens, flush toilet, are as comfortable as Miami bungalows. But the life is not. On the very first day out of Cape Town, one trailer landed in a ditch, and seven dropped out later. Along one rugged

wasteland in southern Ethiopia the caravan lost 22 truck axles, and the passengers had to clear the trails themselves. ("Drive a mile," said one lady's diary, "work two hours on the road . . . Everyone very tired.")

In the Belgian Congo, natives greeted the Americans effusively, mistaking them for the vanguard of an army that they thought had been sent to liberate them. The Emperor of Ethiopia turned his imperial race track into a parking lot for the caravan, assigned a special guard to see it through parts of his realm that are so remote that he holds only token sovereignty. At Aswan there were drinks at the winter residence of the Begum Aga Khan. And there, too, the caravan was stoned—apparently for the benefit of the Soviet Union, which is financing the Aswan High Dam. But last week, chirpy as ever, Wally Byam was convinced that one thing had been proved: "The old folks can achieve just as much as young ones on a trip like this—only it takes them longer."

## GHANA

### The Climber

To Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah, 50, there seems to be one thing wrong with little (pop. 4,900,000) Ghana: it makes him feel hemmed in. Months ago he began railing at the new states of West Africa to join him in a Union of African States to foil a "colonialist plot" that aimed at "Balkanizing" the continent. His neighbors, fearing that Nkrumah had in mind a little colonizing of his own, brushed aside the scheme. Undaunted, Nkrumah has even written his Pan-African hopes into a new constitution that

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would give him power to dissolve Parliament and veto its acts whenever he felt that an emergency required it. "In the confident expectation of an early surrender of sovereignty to a union of African states and territories," says Nkrumah's draft constitution, published this week, "the people now confer on Parliament the power to provide for the surrender of the whole or any part of the sovereignty of Ghana."

Apparently Nkrumah figures on his neighbors' doing some surrendering too. Looking north, he saw that certain tribes in the Upper Volta Republic should remember their "common heritage" with Ghana and join up. To the east, he has used the sprawling Ewe tribe as a basis for suggesting that parts of Togoland, which becomes independent in April, be taken over as Ghana's "seventh province." To the west, where Ivory Coast's Premier Félix Houphouët-Boigny is having trouble with dissident Sanwi tribesmen, Nkrumah said he is "studying the possibilities of regrouping" the Sanwi people on that frontier.

All this is making no friends for Nkrumah. In big (pop. 35 million) Nigeria, Prime Minister Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa refers to Ghana's leader with scarcely veiled contempt. "I do not know why you attach any importance whatsoever to what Mr. Nkrumah says," he recently snapped to touring British reporters. In Togoland, popular Premier Sylvanus Olympio is even blunter. "The man must be crazy," he says. "Does he really think he can absorb us with his puny bunch of tin soldiers and those two minesweepers he calls a navy?"

## GUINEA

### Touré's Troubles

When Sékou Touré of Guinea in 1958 visited his brother African leader, Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, he ran his fingers over the furniture in Nkrumah's Christiansborg Castle in awe, saying, "The British left everything, even the ashtrays!" Things had been different when Touré demanded and got independence for Guinea, making it the only African state to secede from De Gaulle's French Community. Petulantly, the departing French took everything—the telephones and electric-light sockets, typewriters, chairs, tables, even the government records—leaving Guinea (pop. 2,800,000) to start building a nation from scratch.

When the West was slow with offers of aid, Leftist Touré simply turned to Communist countries. Last week Guinea's warehouses bulged with surplus East German cement, with 200 new Praga and Skoda cars just in from Czechoslovakia, and with the secret cargoes of Russian and Czech transport planes unloaded under guard. Communist money was building a huge new printing plant for Guinea, to be followed by a powerful radio station. Communist Czechs operate Conakry's airport and harbor, and a Communist Pole is Touré's adviser on public works. Even the Red Chinese were in town—to "advise

on rice production." At week's end Touré gave formal recognition to East Germany; making Guinea the first non-Communist nation to do so.

Touré's own earlier Marxist learnings gave the Communists a head start, and they have held the advantage by offering what seemed easy terms to Guinean officials who were not familiar with the tricks of Soviet price rigging (many banana merchants later discovered they could have got a better deal in Western Europe).

The only recent sale of U.S. goods was a puny shipment of police motorcycles of the kind Touré saw and admired in Los Angeles during his U.S. tour last year. For private Western businessmen, the outlook is dark indeed. Government coop-



SÉKOU TOURÉ  
Even the Chicombs were in town.

eratives are taking over foreign trade, and Touré's *Comptoir Guinéen du Commerce Extérieur*, the state-owned trading agency, is so deep in debt that prohibitive taxes are being levied on oil companies to rake up new funds. In fact, Touré's treasury is so strapped for cash that it has not even been able to keep its commitments to its Communist barter partners, has vainly sought loans from private French banks.

Last week Touré, in desperation, chose the path of many impoverished young nations. Assured of a \$35 million credit from Russia, he cut Guinea's ties with the French franc, announced Guinea henceforth would have its own currency which, by terms of his own decree, has no value in foreign trade. Dismayed, Shell, Texaco and Socony Mobil were mulling over whether it was worth it to stay. At the big Fria Alumina Works (48.5% owned by the U.S.'s Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.), 300 European workers went on strike, halting production, seeking some guarantee that their paychecks would really be worth enough any more.



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# THE HEMISPHERE

## THE AMERICAS

### Ike's Eyes & Ears

When President Eisenhower set up his special National Advisory Committee on Inter-American Affairs last November, Latin America greeted the news with tongue in cheek. Though the distinguished six-man group<sup>\*</sup> was formed to be Ike's personal consultant on hemisphere problems, some Latins wondered out loud if it would ever be heard from. Last week, as the President headed home from his ten-day tour of the continent, no one doubted that the committee meant business.

At each stop the Americans split into two- and three-man teams of eyes and ears for Ike to confer with Latin American leaders around conference tables, at luncheon and dinner. In Argentina, one group of committeemen closeted themselves for 1½ hours with Economy Minister Alvaro Alsogaray while another met with eleven top educators, heard earnest argument for more fellowships for study in the U.S. In Chile, the team of Holland and Milton Eisenhower listened to Chilean university heads explain their dilemma as a conflict between a developing nation's obligation to concentrate on technical learning without neglecting liberal arts. Said Finance Minister Roberto Vergara after a long meeting with Donnelly, Knight and Meyer: "They expressed opinions about nothing, but they asked about everything."

As Ike's consultants headed home, their baggage bulged with more than 100 lbs. of notes, reports, project proposals, statistical analyses. The tour, said Inter-American Affairs Chief Rubottom, who went along to act as vice chairman (chairman: Christian Herter) on this trip, should pay off indefinitely. "It is easier to have better understanding at each end if you know the man who will be involved." Added Uruguayan Shipping Magnate Manuel Lussich Lin: "They knew a little about us. We knew nothing about them. Now we know each other well."

### Misconception Set Straight

One of the noisiest charges leveled against the U.S. by Latin America's Communists (see below) and rabid nationalists is that Yankee capital is used to exploit rather than assist underdeveloped nations. Last week Under Secretary of State C. Douglas Dillon traveled to Puerto Rico to cite the facts, said Dillon, speaking to a conference of hemisphere economists, educators and government officials: "Instead of extracting wealth, U.S.

firms are creating new wealth for host countries." Items:

❑ Private capital investment in Latin America now totals \$9 billion more than the U.S. businessman has invested anywhere in the world except Canada.

❑ Taxes paid by U.S. companies amount to 15% of all revenues collected by Latin American governments, and those tax payments are twice as big as the profits U.S. firms take out of Latin America.

❑ Wages and other costs take 75% of revenues of U.S. firms in Latin America: in terms of foreign exchange, they earn their hosts up to \$1 billion each year.

❑ Jobs with U.S. firms totaled 625,000 at last tabulation, and only 9,000 of them were held by U.S. citizens.

Said Dillon: "Our dedication to building a stronger, freer hemisphere must not be hampered by misconceptions."

## CUBA

### Sweet Slavery

Who spreads the misconceptions about the U.S. in Latin America was never better demonstrated than in Cuba last week. Before a group of Havana University students—and a countrywide TV audience—Major Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, the scraggly-bearded president of Cuba's National Bank and the top Red in the Castro government, explained that Cuba's 3,000,000-ton sugar quota on the high-priced U.S. market (5¢ per lb. v. 3¢ on the world market) was not a good deal at all. Instead, said Che, it was a "deceitful" Yankee device designed to "enslave" Cuba by keeping it a one-crop agricultural country. "The purpose is to preclude the industrial development of this country."

The U.S. State Department's reply was swift and to the point. If the preferential

quota is so onerous, then give it up. The State Department reminded Cuba that her sugar growers "have the same status as U.S. producers." By selling to the U.S. instead of on the world market, Cuba last year got, in effect, a subsidy of "more than \$150 million." In addition, a preferential tariff, 20% lower for Cuba than for sugar from other countries, gave Cuban exporters another bonus of almost \$8,000,000. Said State: "It would be logical to conclude from Major Guevara's remarks that he considers that such 'enslavement' would end were we to abandon our preferential treatment as regards Cuban sugar and pay the lower world market price."

### Remember La Coubre

Under a hot Caribbean sun at 3 p.m. one day last week, stevedores on Havana's eastern waterfront bent to a task of No. 1 priority in Fidel Castro's Cuba. In the holds of the 4,310-ton French freighter *La Coubre*, were 76 tons of Belgian artillery shells, grenades and small arms ammunition. Most of it never reached its destination. At that hour, a shuddering blast rocked the vessel, hurling exploding shells, steel deck plates and human fragments aloft in a pillar of fire.

A second munitions ship quickly cast off, was towed out of the danger area. Firemen worked close to the burning vessel. Then it exploded again, sending a shower of death through the crowd on the dock—and just missing Premier Castro, who had come whirling up in his helicopter to hover near the stricken ship. The initial counts put the dead at 75 to 100, the injured at more than 200.

Following his left-wing reflexes, Castro immediately blamed the U.S. for the tragedy. His mouthpiece commentators blamed "the interests that place obstacles in the way of Cuba's purchasing arms and planes; interests that bombed our cane fields and cities." The government's *Combat* hit the streets with an extra, calling the explosion "another U.S.S. *Maine*,"<sup>a</sup> hinted that the U.S. had blown up the ship to compel Cuba to accept revision of Cuba's sugar quota.

Castro himself killed the disaster for all it was worth. Treating the dead as war heroes, he had their bodies carried to the Palace of Workers to lie in state, decreed 24 hours of national mourning, three days of government mourning. The government, he said, would appropriate \$1,000,000 for their families.

## CANAL ZONE

### \$14.85 Worth of Diplomacy

When Panama's Constitution Day fell on the final day of pre-Lenten Carnival last week, U.S. Canal Zone authorities braced for another invasion by Panamanians determined to plant their flag on zone soil. Then the Canal Company's pub-



BANKER GUEVARA  
Logic was lost.

<sup>a</sup> Blown up and sunk in Havana Harbor on Feb. 15, 1898.

<sup>\*</sup> Milton Eisenhower, president of Johns Hopkins University; Walter J. Donnelly, U.S. Steel's Latin American representative; G. Kenneth Holland, president of the Institute of International Education; O. A. Knight, president of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union; Sears, Roebuck Vice President Charles A. Meyer in charge of Latin American branches; Dana G. Munro, former director of Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs.



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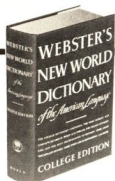
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THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Cleveland and New York

lie information officer, William Griffin Arey Jr., had an inspiration. For \$14.85 he bought 60 tiny U.S. and Panamanian flags to decorate lamp posts on the zone side of the border. Next day Panama's surprised Foreign Ministry viewed "with much pleasure what has happened." Even Panama's rabble-rousing politicians were dazzled. "An intelligent and conciliatory step," said their leader, and the threat of an ugly demonstration was over.

## CANADA

### Pay-&See TV

The U.S. has been talking about pay-as-you-see TV for years, but the talk brought more wind than action. The one real experiment at Bartlesville, Okla., in 1957 was a flop, and since then everyone has been too worried about a fight with the TV networks to try again. Last week Paramount Pictures Corp., which has spent more than \$8,000,000 to perfect the system since 1951, took its enterprising idea to a more hospitable climate: Canada. Last week in the Toronto suburb of Etobicoke,\* 1,000 TV-owning families could sit back and see a first-run movie or sports event uninterrupted by commercials. All they had to do was slip \$1 in nickels, dimes or quarters into a box and push the button. Among the first shows: *The Nun's Story*, *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, *The FBI Story*.

Sponsor of the new Canadian pay-TV is Trans-Canada Telemeter, Ltd., a hustling subsidiary of Famous Players Canadian Corp., the country's biggest theater chain. Famous Players bought the Telemeter franchise from Paramount, decided on Etobicoke as the best test market it could find: 96% of the 40,000 families already own TV sets, get excellent reception from five Canadian and nearby U.S. stations. Says Eugene Fitzgibbons, 38, boss of Famous Players' Telemeter subsidiary: "We wanted to compete under the toughest conditions."

Telemeter set up its own broadcasting station on Toronto's Bloor Street, installed color and video tape transmitting equipment able to serve 100,000 receivers, leased 100 miles of coaxial cable to carry the transmissions. Overall cost: \$1,500,000. Unlike the Bartlesville system, which cost a flat \$9.50 per month for two channels, the company charged an initial \$5 for installing a three-channel Telemeter box that fits any receiver, does not affect other reception. Consumers pay only for what they watch, can store up to \$2.50 in the Telemeter box.

At week's end the small change was jingling into the till so fast, Telemeterman Fitzgibbons figures that, with 3,000 installations already guaranteed, he needs only another 4,000 sets in Etobicoke to break even, hopes eventually to snare most of Toronto's 356,000 TV receivers for Telemeter. If Telemeter scores a Canadian success, Paramount may then take another crack at the U.S. market and its estimated 50 million TV sets.

\* Pronounced *Ee-to-be-coe*.



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## PEOPLE

When TV's foremost up-from-the-ranks production tycoons, Cinemactress **Lucille Ball** and Bandleader **Desi Arnaz**, were married in 1940, acquaintances of the volatile lovebirds gave their union six months at most before an inevitable explosion would send them on separate ways. Lucy herself doubted that the match was good for six weeks. Last week, after more than 19 years of sometimes hectic marriage, and two children (Lucy, 8; Desi IV, 7), Lucy and Desi, co-bosses of Desilu Productions, Inc. (grossing more than \$20 million a year) and co-stars of TV's longtime rating-topper *I Love Lucy*, called quits to the marriage but announced that Desilu Productions would still link them. Both feature players at RKO studios when they first met, Lucy, 48, and Arnaz, 43, seemed to pose a very American example of a romantic partnership that could not stand financial success. Filing for divorce in Santa Monica, Calif., Lucy, whose home-loving inclinations have not jibed with Arnaz' night-prowling habits for several years, sadly allowed: "I've tried so hard to be fair and solve our problems, but find it impossible to go on."

Everybody in the know in Iran was broadly hinting that pretty **Queen Farah**, 21, the Shah's third wife and his bride of two months (TIME, Jan. 4), is expecting. From the royal palace in Teheran came a wave of unofficial tidings, all affirmative. Said one court official: "From the Shah's smile, you can get the best confirmation of the good news."

The editors of *Who's Who in America* opened their 31st edition, stuffed with some 56,000 bigger and lesser wigs, for a sneak preview. Making a unique father



LUCY, DESI & CHILDREN  
Breakup for volatile lovebirds.

and daughter debut in *Who's Who's* pages are Actress **Susan** (*The Diary of Anne Frank*) **Strasberg** and Director-Teacher **Lee Strasberg**, chief methodologist of Manhattan's Actors' Studio. At 21, Susan has bumped Cinemactress **Margaret** (*Journey for Margaret*) **O'Brien**, now 23, out of the juniority honors that Margaret held in the current edition.\*

At a press confab last year **Harry Truman** wished aloud: "The thing I'd like to do if I ran a newspaper would be the telegraph editor and the blue-pencil man. And then I'd sure get what I wanted in the paper!" In Miami last week Harry got his wish, muffed his opportunity. Invited by the Miami *Herald's* Republican Publisher John S. Knight to try out a blue pencil, Truman accepted, but first



EDITOR TRUMAN  
Backoff for a doodler.

he visited the Democratic-angled afternoon *News*, where he sat at the telegraph editor's desk and did little but doodle and smile for a *News* photographer. Then he adjourned to the *Herald's* city room. Asked if he would like to edit the paper, Truman backed off with a grin: "That's your job, not mine." He had passed up his big chance, but he advised Knight and all his men: "The more we print about what Republicans are doing the better!"

It was a banner week for dreamboat groaners, modern and ancient. First off, winsome Nancy Sinatra, 19, daughter of aging (44) Crooner **Frank Sinatra**, got herself engaged to curly-topped **Tommy Sands**, 22, one of the few new voices with any detectable talent. Glowed Papa Sinatra approvingly: "I'm very pleased.

\* The youngest person ever listed: Cinemoppet Shirley Temple, who crashed the roster in 1936 at seven.

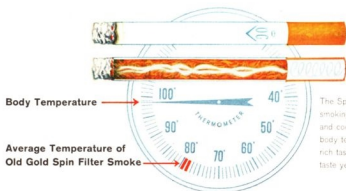


PRESLEY & NANCY SINATRA  
Buildup for a singeroo.

It's good to have another singer in the family, because I'm getting tired." Then Nancy winged east to New Jersey, where she was on hand at McGuire Air Force Base early one morning, when Mr. Rock 'n' Roll himself, Sergeant **Elvis Presley**, got off a plane from West Germany to be mustered out of the Army after a two-year draftee stint. Nancy was indulging no secret crush on Elvis, just helping build up a TV singeroo slated for early May. By then, Elvis will again be supporting himself in the civilian style to which he is currently unaccustomed, collecting a cool \$125,000 for a network appearance with Frankie, Elvis, proudly wearing medals for good conduct and marksmanship, promised that he will soon climb back into his gaudiest working mufti, agitate his pelvis as of yore ("If I stand still, I'm dead") and "never abandon rock 'n' roll as long as people keep appreciatin' it." But Army rigors had at least one benign effect upon him: he won't regrow his crazy sideburns.

In their first public outing since proclamation of their engagement, Britain's radiant **Princess Margaret** and her handsome fiancé, London Photographer **Anthony Armstrong-Jones**, showed up at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for a charity ballet performance. After crowds outside cheered and shouted, "God bless you both!" the couple moved inside to the royal box and a two-minute ovation from some 2,000 ballet goers. Trailing Margaret by the protocol-prescribed three paces, Tony showed that he had learned his lessons well. There was indeed a clear hint of who his tutor might be: acknowledging the applause, he kept his hands clasped behind him in a typical pose of Prince Philip's on such occasions. On the evening's program, set long before the engagement was announced: a folk dance called *Princess Margaret's Fancy*, plus a French ballet titled *The Badly Guarded Girl*.

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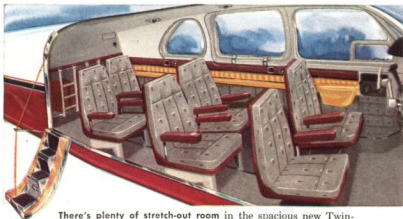
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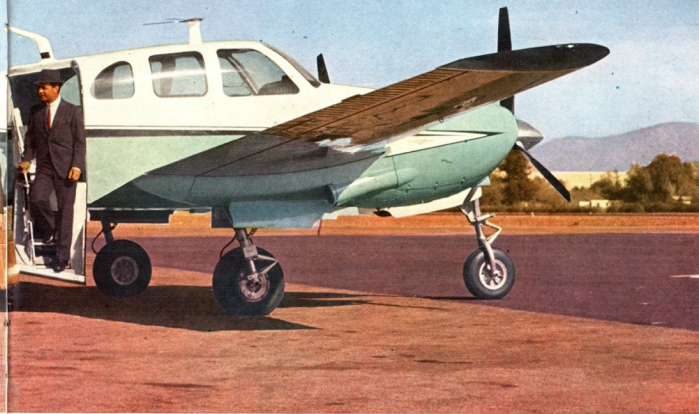
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## SCIENCE

### Physics for Moderns

Before a beginners' physics class at St. Louis' Washington University, Assistant Professor Edward Lambe plugged in an electric device that shot pennies at a metal disk a few feet away. The pennies scattered off the disk in a significant pattern, but Lambe was not using them to demonstrate the elasticity of metals, Newton's laws of motion, or anything else in classical physics. His penny routine was part of a discussion of what happens when alpha particles (helium nuclei) are shot at heavy atoms such as gold.

**First: the Invisible.** Most first-year physics courses start as they have started for decades—with levers, gears, and Galileo's falling weights, gradually work their way up to electric currents. As a rule, students are told only as an afterthought about the new science of particles.

But Professor Lambe is one of the growing number of physics teachers who believe that students should take first things first. Since the world of matter is made up of invisible particles, students should start with a study of such particles. His elementary course, which he developed with Co-Lecturer John Fowler, begins with the description of the 16 known basic particles, including such oddities as antineutrinos. But the course is mostly concerned with the commonest particles—electrons, protons and neutrons. As far as possible, classical laws are taught as the gross manifestation of actions and reactions between these invisible particles.

Particles do not, of course, behave like little round balls, so Lambe and Fowler start telling their students at once about the four forces (nuclear, electric, weak interaction and gravitational) that combine to weave the fundamental particles into more familiar kinds of matter. A baseball, for instance, is a very large number of particles held together by nuclear forces (which hold the particles together to form atoms) and electrical forces (which hold the atoms together to form molecules). The earth is an even larger number of particles, held together chiefly by gravitation.

**Bugaboos.** Very soon Lambe and Fowler are forced to grapple with the bugaboos of modern physics—relativity and quantum mechanics—which are often considered too difficult for students who have not had long training in mathematics. Lambe and Fowler believe that although relativity and quantum mechanics may seem "against common sense," they are really the physical facts of life, and had better be brought in quickly. Relativity is lightly touched on in the third week of the course. The relativistic principle that the mass of a body increases with its speed is used to explain why certain particles, e.g., neutrinos, that have no mass when at rest can exist at all. Quantum mechanics, without which the structure of atoms cannot be really understood, occupies the last third of the course.



SOIFER & SET  
Afterward, it seemed simple.

Conventional teachers of elementary physics deplore the Lambe-Fowler approach, pointing out that the physics needed in most kinds of engineering is only remotely concerned with relativity or particles. The progressives retort that their students are enlivened by touching the inner realities that make the universe tick.

Behind the new teaching methods is a group sponsored by the National Science Foundation and spark-plugged by Professor Jerrold Zacharias of M.I.T. Says Zacharias: "Relativity and quantum mechanics are essential to understanding our universe. Quantum mechanics is not really modern physics. It is 34 years old, which is twice as old as a 17-year-old freshman. There was a revolution in 1926\* and it's high time that we taught it."

### Teen-Age Conversation

Ever since the first satellites took to space, there has been talk of using them as radio communication links. This week the Massachusetts Institute of Technology announced that two-way communication via a satellite was probably accomplished for the first time by two 17-year-old radio hams.

Raphael Soifer is a blond, spectacled freshman at M.I.T. In 1958, while still a student at the high-rated Bronx High School of Science, he got interested in a paper by Professor John D. Kraus of Ohio State University. Dr. Kraus reported that a satellite speeding through the outer fringe of the atmosphere trails an ionized wake that can reflect certain kinds of radio waves. Teaming up with his friend Perry Klein, another teen-age New York ham, "Ray" Soifer wrote the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge for detailed schedules of sat-

ellite orbits. Whenever a satellite, U.S. or Russian, passed at a reasonable distance, the boys tried to bounce radio waves off its wake.

Last summer Perry Klein's father moved the family to Bethesda, Md. During the fall months, Ray Soifer was kept busy by his studies at M.I.T., had time for his ham equipment only on occasional weekends back home in Manhattan. But late in January Ray came home for a week's vacation. On Feb. 6, two satellites, Explorer VII and Sputnik III, were scheduled to come into range about 1 a.m. He got in touch with Perry, and the two boys tried again. At 12:55 a.m., Soifer transmitted a prearranged code with about 300 watts of power on 21.011 megacycles. After 20 seconds he stopped and listened while Klein transmitted for 20 seconds from Bethesda. They continued this alternating transmission until at 1:05 a.m., when both satellites were passing on low orbits about 150 miles east of the Jersey coast, Soifer heard Klein's signal. Two minutes later, Klein heard his.

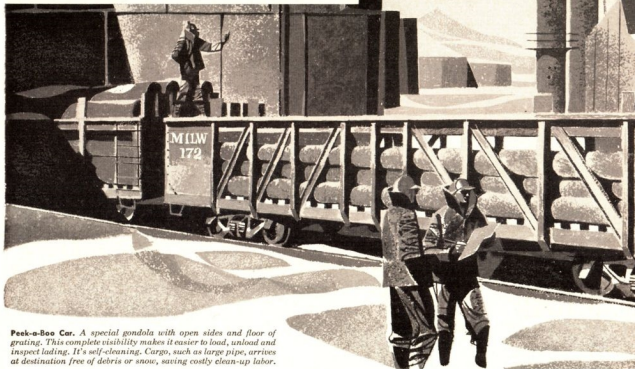
Soifer wrote a detailed report and submitted it to M.I.T.'s famed electronics expert, Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner. While verifying Soifer's claim of having made the first known two-way radio communication via satellite, Wiesner is not sure that the signals were reflected by a satellite's ionized trail. They may have been re-radiated by the antennas of one of the passing satellites.

Last week Ray Soifer, who is manager of M.I.T.'s freshman fencing team, was more eager to get over to Harvard for a crucial match than to talk about his achievement. "This is one area, you know, where we teen-agers have as many advantages as older people doing the same work. After all, it started less than four years ago. To me it seemed like a fairly simple plug-in operation. But then I guess they always do, afterward."

\* The year in which a burst of work by Heisenberg, Dirac, de Broglie and others firmly established the new science of quantum mechanics.

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# RELIGION

## Seven New Hats

For the third time during the 17 months of his reign, Pope John XXIII last week added new members to the College of Cardinals. From 1586, when Pope Sixtus V reorganized the college, the traditional membership had been fixed at 70. Two years ago Pope John broke through the old barrier by raising the number to 74; his latest appointments make it 85, with more red hats rumored in the offing. Three of the new appointments are firsts, with international implications for the church—the first African Negro cardinal, the first Japanese, and the first Filipino.

**Bishop Laurin Rugambwa**, 47, was born a member of the Bahaya tribe in Tanganyika Territory, scion of a long line of chiefs, and he became a Christian, along with his father and mother, at the age of eight. Trained by the Roman Catholic missionary White Fathers, he was ordained a priest in 1943, and served as assistant pastor at the Rubya mission for five years before going to Rome for special studies in canon law at the Gregorian University. In 1951 he was named the first bishop of the new diocese of Rutaba in Tanganyika, became the youngest and most active of Africa's 25 black bishops.

**Archbishop Peter Tatsuo Doi**, 67, was born at Sendai, Japan, was baptized a Christian at twelve, ordained at the age of 28, and appointed Archbishop of Tokyo 16 years later. The church has been losing ground in Japan for lack of Japanese priests and trained personnel, and the Vatican hopes that a Japanese cardinal will stimulate the faith in Japan as well as rally Roman Catholics elsewhere in Asia.

**Archbishop Rufino J. Santos**, 51, a native of the village of Guagua in the Philippines, has ruled the archdiocese of Manila (3,800,000 Catholics out of a total 4,000,000 population) since 1953, and his elevation is no surprise. Philippine disappointment at not getting a cardinal at the last consistory was in fact so strong that the Vatican was forced to change its papal nuncio. Archbishop Santos was responsible for the reconstruction of Manila Cathedral, which was almost totally destroyed in the war.

**Archbishop Bernard Jan Alfrink**, 59, comes from The Netherlands town of Nijkerk. Five years ago he succeeded the late John Cardinal de Jong as Archbishop of Utrecht. The scholarly archbishop has been chief counselor to the pontifical commission for Biblical studies, contributes to scientific publications, heads The Netherlands' "Pax Christi" movement of Roman Catholic laymen. In addition to pleasing the Dutch, his appointment is expected to add an able member to the team of cardinals preparing for the forthcoming Ecumenical Council.

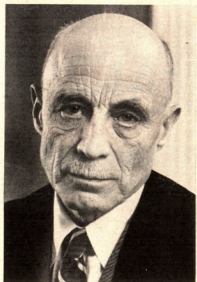
**Archbishop Joseph Lefebvre**, 67, was born in the French village of Tourcoing, near Lille, studied at Rome's Gregorian University (where he won the gold medal traditionally presented by the Pope to the graduate with the best grades). Since 1943 tall, jolly Joseph Lefebvre has been Archbishop of Bourges, made a favorable impression on the Pope when John was papal nuncio to France.

**Bishop Luigi Traglia**, 64, born in Albano, near Rome, has worked in the church's administrative headquarters, the Curia, for the past 30 years. As vice regent of the diocese of Rome, he was in charge of the recent synod of the Roman clergy (TIME, Feb. 8), has made an impressive record as a builder of churches and organizer of new parishes.

**Monsignor Antonio Bacci**, 74, was born in Giugnola, near Florence, and spent twelve years teaching at a Florence seminary before being taken into the Vatican Secretariat of State as an expert in Latin. As secretary of Briefs to Princes, he has prepared most of the Vatican's important Latin documents during the reigns of Pius XI, Pius XII and John XXIII. One of the taxing parts of the job has been to coin Latin versions of 20th century words—such as *globus atomica vi dispiodens* (atomic bomb), *nicotianum fumum sugere* (to smoke), *ephemeridum notitiarum anceps* (newspapermen).

## Needed: New Symbols

The Niebuhrs are the Trapp family of theology. Reinhold is professor of ethics and theology at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary; his younger brother, H. (for Helmut) Richard, is professor



Alfred Eisenstaedt-Like  
YALE'S NIEBUHR  
In a void, waiting for gods.

of theology and Christian ethics at Yale University Divinity School; and H. Richard's son, Richard R. (for Reinhold), is associate professor of theology at Harvard Divinity School. In last week's *Christian Century*, Niebuhr No. 2, H. Richard, analyzes the nature of his own faith and how it has changed.

**Deification of the Scriptures.** Like many another Protestant of his generation, 65-year-old Theologian Niebuhr reacted against the liberalism which ignored church tradition and turned back instead to giants of the past—Jonathan Edwards, Pascal, Luther, Calvin, Thomas Aquinas and Augustine. And while he considered the reform of culture one of Christianity's great responsibilities (to which Brother Reinhold was especially called), the reform of the church itself was his own special vocation. "As a convinced Protestant (not an anti-Catholic) who saw the sovereignty of God usurped by the spirit of capitalism and of nationalism, I felt strongly that the times called for . . . the return of the church to the confession of its own particular faith and ethos."

But that trend may have gone too far, and recently Theologian Niebuhr has turned his Protestant protest against "the deification of the Scriptures and of the church." Followers of Karl Barth (TIME, March 7) and some other leading Protestants, Niebuhr feels, "have substituted for the religion-centered faith of the 19th century a church-centered faith, as though the historical and visible church were the representative of God on earth, as though the Bible were the only word that God is speaking."

**Pregnant Words & Symbolic Deeds.** Western man, Niebuhr feels, is lost and disillusioned—not only about himself but about the things in which he once put his trust, such as nation and technology, in which the underdeveloped nations and the Russians are trusting today. "In the West the most sensitive, if not yet most,



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men are living in a great religious void; their half-gods are gone and the gods have not yet arrived." This, thinks Theologian Niebuhr, is true of men both in and out of seminaries and churches. The answer: a set of new religious symbols that are truly alive.

"I do not believe that we can meet in our day the need which the church was founded to meet by becoming more orthodox or more liberal, more biblical or more liturgical. I look for a resymbolization of the message and the life of faith in the One God. Our old phrases are worn out; they have become clichés." Mere retranslation of traditional terms—"Word of God," "redemption," "justification," "grace," "eternal life"—is not possible, says Niebuhr, without "the actualities" which people in another age knew intimately when they used these terms. What is needed is a "resymbolization in pregnant words and in symbolic deeds, like the new words of the Reformation and the Puritan movement and the Great Awakening, like the symbolic deeds of the Franciscans and the social gospelsers.

"I do not know how this resymbolization . . . will come about. I do count on the Holy Spirit and believe that the words and the deeds will come about . . . And I believe that nothing very important for mankind will happen as a result of 'conquest' of space or as a result of the cessation of the cold war unless the human spirit is revived within itself."

### "Faith Is the Center"

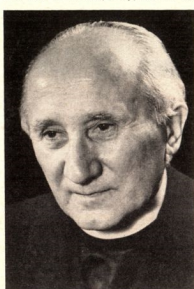
A slight, white-haired old man with large, dark eyes was working steadily last week amid masses of congratulatory mail, which had come to him from all over the world on his 75th birthday. His three-room apartment in the quiet Munich suburb of Bogenhausen is a center of Roman Catholic intellectual life in Germany, with an almost equally strong attraction for many Protestants. Just out of the hospital (where he underwent surgery for an ailment described only as neuralgia), Monsignor Romano Guardini again presided over his "Laboratory of Ideas," with its long refectory table, its delicate Gothic Madonna standing against red velvet, its record collection, and its thousands of books, including three shelves of his own writings on everything from theology to movies.

Romano Guardini's hand was speeding its tiny writing over page after page of foolscap to complete his major work, a study of Dante, on which he has been laboring for some 40 years. He was also jotting down notes for a new book on the problems of faith and ethics. To his thousands of German followers, the best news of all was that he plans to resume his lectures at Munich University when the next term begins in May, and that this spring he will once again mount the pulpit of Munich's Ludwigskirche to preach to his perennial audience of Roman Catholic intellectuals, society bluestocks, young people, and aging playboys who come to oggle the pretty girls—said to be found in

greater numbers at a Guardini sermon than at a *Fasching* party.

Said one of his fans last week: "Guardini is like a Renaissance humanist—he seems to have the key to everything. If he speaks about atomic science, one feels he knows all there is to know about modern physics. He can plumb the depths of Freud or analyze the mysticism of Paul Klee's paintings; he can throw new light on the obscure poetry of Hölderlin and Rilke, or expound the strengths and weaknesses of Communist dialectic. Guardini seems to control the bridges that lead from art, from literature, from philosophy—to religion."

**Silence & Dancing.** Romano Guardini was born in Verona, Italy, but he was



ROMANO GUARDINI  
He seems to control the bridges.

taken to Germany at the age of three, where his Italian diplomat father was posted at the consulate in Munich. He grew up in Mainz, attended the University of Tübingen, where he first began to specialize in biology and physics. But, as he wrote later, "the deeper I went into the study of science, the more I became convinced that there was not the full answer." His parents reluctantly gave him permission to study for the priesthood; he was ordained in 1912, received his doctorate in theology three years later.

His first book, published in 1918, was titled *The Spirit of the Liturgy*. Its theme: "To play a game before God, to perform a work of art; not to create, but to be—that is the deepest meaning of the liturgy." In the '20s, as professor of Christian philosophy at the University of Berlin, Father Guardini was one of the luminaries of an intellectually glittering city that included such disparate men as Producer Max Reinhardt, Conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler, Boxer Max Schmeling.

But often, Berlin hostesses would be unable to track him down. For long peri-

ods he would disappear into the tiny village of Lohr in the Frankish Spessart Mountains, the center of the Catholic Youth Movement he had helped found after the war, which now has 700,000 members. There, in romantic Rothenfels Castle, Guardini spent his time with workers, farmers and students, who eventually came from all over Germany. Some 400 young people once followed his suggestion to spend all of Holy Week in complete silence. "At Mass on Easter Sunday," remembers one of them, "we felt the Resurrection with every fiber of our body. Afterwards we ate together and drank and danced. There was no frivolity. We were all sure we knew how the disciples must have felt when they saw the empty tomb."

**Another Ideology.** Soon after Hitler's invasion of Poland, a Gestapo officer appeared in Father Guardini's office and told him that his chair as professor of Christian ideology was abolished forthwith. "We already have an ideology," he said. "We don't need any professors for it." Eventually, friends warned him that he was about to be sent to a concentration camp, and Guardini took refuge at a house in the Black Forest for the remainder of the war.

Since World War II, Guardini has been more active than ever, lecturing, preaching and writing. His biography of Christ, *The Lord*, has sold more than a million copies, has been translated into English, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Greek and Japanese. Pope Pius XII appointed him a papal house prelate in 1952, and loved talking philosophy in German with him by the hour. Two years ago, when the German government awarded him its distinguished civilian decoration, the order *Pour le Mérite*, the Protestant *Basler Nationalzeitung* wrote: "Guardini's influence now reaches far beyond the realm of his own church. He has returned faith to circles which had been considered lost to it. [He is] one of the great religious figures of our time."

**Christian Up a Tree.** Guardini has founded no theological schools, and his power lies more in the eloquence of his preaching and writing than in any specific theories. He himself sums up his work this way: "I have tried to help people find faith. I know that nothing is more needed than this. I have simply tried to counteract the atomization of ideas which has upset our minds for the past 150 years. After all, the world doesn't consist of facts alone. Interpreting it this way either leads to a completely materialistic world or, in revulsion, to the pseudo-mystic ideology which formed the roots of Nazism."

"I believe that all there is to know in this world has been revealed to us by the words of the Lord. Faith is the automatic center, the Archimedean point from which any problem can be approached and solved . . . True Christianity pervades and forms the entire personality, the character, the thought, each gesture, each movement. One must be able to recognize the true Christian by the very way in which he climbs up a tree."

## SPORT

### Europe's Greatest Fish

No fish inspires such zeal or exacts such sacrifice from its pursuers as the huchen of the Alps. He who would snare a huchen (pronounced *hooken*) must fight his way to riverbanks through drifts of snow, shiver for hours in near-zero weather temperatures, often squinting at his line through a needling spray of sleet. For only in winter's nadir does Europe's mightiest game fish begin to strike as it gets ready to spawn in the spring. And only when the weather is abominable—visibility poor, the river lashed by storm—will the wary huchen flash up to hit a lure.

"A dragon—a monster!" says one lifelong Bavarian pursuer of the huchen. The fish is a bit of both: triangular head with gaping mouth and reddish eyes, a silver-bellied, copper-backed body that can grow as big as 6 ft. and 110 lbs. With snow on their foreheads and sweat on their cheeks, fishermen have struggled for more than an hour to land even 40-lb. catches, then continued the fight on shore with club and stone. One last-resort tactic: falling full-length on the huchen and smothering it in a snowbank.

Such a quarry stirs the huchen zealot to Ahab-like fanaticism. In summer he tramps miles through rough mountain terrain, sits for hours on the edge of deep mountain pools watching for the sudden, furious boil that marks the home of a lurking huchen. Come fall, he fashions a huchen *Topf*—a hook hidden in a clump of colored leather strings that his fish may mistake for a small school of river lam-



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preys. By winter, he is so eager to have at his prey that he willingly pays \$5 each day for a license, stalks off to battle with a reel big enough to tether a mule.

Despite this preparation, many a huchen fisherman goes for years without a catch (Austria's Rudolf Hartleib, the man who wrote a book on the art, averages barely more than two a year). Last week, as they completed another season of frigid frustration on the banks of the Loisach and Wertach, the fishermen could take cold comfort from the hope that their misery might some day have company. European experts are certain that the huchen, a landlocked member of the salmon family, would thrive in the unpolluted streams of the western U.S., if the U.S. ever decides to expose its fishermen to a lifetime of happy misery.

### Basketball's Best

They are basketball's greatest team, a band of talented opportunists who can do everything—shoot with bull's-eye marksmanship, dissect a defense with pinpoint passes, and, for good measure, spice the exhibition with the tang of showmanship.

In fact, few teams have ever dominated their sport the way the Boston Celtics rule pro basketball. Going into this week's N.B.A. playoffs, they are top-heavy favorites to defend their league championship, are winning nearly four out of every five games. With two games still to play, the proud Celtics have already toted up 57 victories, five more than the league record they themselves set last year.

**Team of Horses.** To keep the Celtics in top trim, referee-baiting Coach Red Auerbach, 42, allows his players only a few cigarettes and an occasional glass of beer, draws the line at whisky ("Any

player that drinks it will be fined"). Auerbach dutifully drives his Celtics in frequent practice sessions; once, when he detected loafing, he sent the champions ignominiously puffing up and down the cliff-steep aisles of Boston Garden. But Auerbach himself is quick to admit that his coaching has worked no miracles: "Remember this—I've got some damn good horses."

He has indeed. Guard Bob Cousy is basketball's finest little man (6 ft. 1 in., 175 lbs.). In his tenth season, Cousy is again leading the N.B.A. in play making (9.4 a game), averaging a solid 19.6 points and directing the fast break up the middle with near insolent skill. But the team is so well-balanced that it has no single outstanding high scorer. As many as four men may break 20 points, yet seldom does any one individual score more than 30. If the defense sags, Cousy will hit all night from behind the foul circle. So will Fellow Guard Bill Sharman (6 ft. 1 in., 190 lbs.), who has the finest outside shot in the game (19.3-point average). If the defense presses Cousy and Sharman, the Celtics open up the center for the drives of two tough corner men: Frank Ramsey (6 ft. 3 in., 190 lbs.) and crew-cut Tommy Heinsohn (6 ft. 7 in., 220 lbs.), who averages 21.5 points despite a flat-trajectory shot that makes purists wince.

But the man who turned the Celtics into champions is the lean, agile Negro at center: Bill Russell (6 ft. 10 in., 220 lbs.), the league's finest defensive player and its best rebounder until the advent of Philadelphia's Wilt Chamberlain (who is four inches taller). On occasion, Russell can even out-rebound Chamberlain, more than makes up for his relatively weak, left-handed shots from the pivot (18.1-point average). "Boston will gamble with its little men, knowing that Russell will get the rebound," says Syracuse Coach Paul Seymour. "He'll jump right out of the

© Left to right: Russell, Cousy (with hand raised), Ramsey, Sharman. No. 13 is Philadelphia's Chamberlain.



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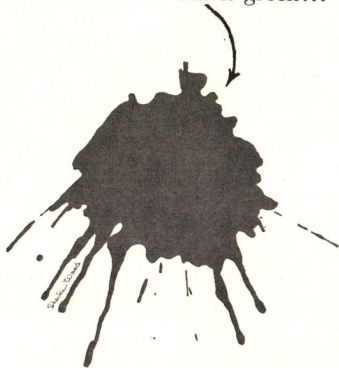
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building. You'd think he was ten feet tall."

**Spoiled by Success.** As if all this were not enough, the Celtics have the finest bench in basketball. Even the loss of Hatchetman Jim Loscutoff (6 ft. 5 in., 230 lbs.) with a back injury has not slowed the team. Negro Guards K. C. Jones (6 ft. 1 in., 202 lbs.) and Sam Jones (6 ft. 4 in., 198 lbs.) can move the ball nearly as well as Cousy and Sharrman. The Celtics' only faults: lack of talented height to back up Bill Russell and creeping old age (Cousy is 31, Loscutoff 30, Ramsey 28).

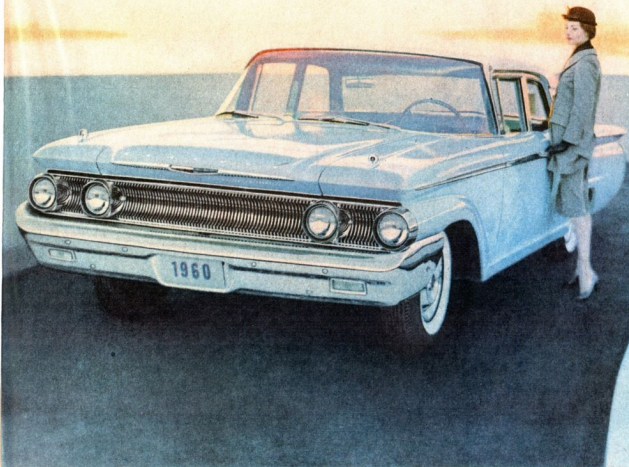
Though the Celtics draw heavily on the road, Boston fans often seem jaded with their victories at home (26 in 28 games this year). Average attendance at Boston Garden is only 8,500, off 1,000 from the peak three years ago when the rise to fame was beginning. To increase interest, Celtic Owner Walter Brown is convinced the N.B.A. needs more and better-balanced teams, is willing to pass up his first draft choice of the nation's college stars to help a new club get started. Even so, age and injuries seem to be the only foes with a chance of ending the Celtics' reign as basketball's best.

## Scoreboard

¶ Fresh from winning a gold medal at the Eighth Winter Olympics in California's Squaw Valley, blonde Carol Heiss, 20, stopped off in Vancouver long enough on her way home to New York City to win her fifth straight women's world figure skating championship with a stunning display of acrobatics and poise.

¶ For months the athletic directors of the Midwest's Big Ten, the nation's toughest conference across the board, have feuded with faculties determined to tone down the heavy emphasis on sports. Last week faculty representatives voted to cancel the 14-year pact with the Rose Bowl (where Big Ten teams won twelve times). In an apparent fit of petulance, the athletic directors then recommended abolishing all post-season competition in all sports, including the prestigious N.C.A.A. championships in basketball, swimming and track. The faculty representatives promptly supported the proposal. If finally ratified by the individual universities, the ban would confine Big Ten teams to winning the championship of none but their own conference, strike a mighty blow for de-emphasis in the current nationwide struggle to define the proper role of sport on campus.

¶ Rarely have All-America selectors agreed so unanimously on the nation's finest college basketball players. The four solid choices: Cincinnati's record-scoring Oscar Robertson (6 ft. 5 in., 198 lbs.), West Virginia's driving, versatile Jerry West (6 ft. 3 in., 175 lbs.), Ohio State's precocious sophomore Jerry Lucas (6 ft. 7½ in., 228 lbs.), and California's defensive star Darrall Imhoff (6 ft. 10 in., 210 lbs.). Top alternates for the fifth position: St. John's brilliant but erratic Tony Jackson; St. Bonaventure's high-scoring Tom Stith.



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# MUSIC

## "Morir!...Tremenda Cosa!"

The gesture was as familiar to Metropolitan Opera audiences as the gold curtain itself: arms flung wide, massive head tilted to the galleries, the barrel-chested man with the thin legs would stand at the conclusion of a great Verdi aria, waiting with a lordly air for the homage due the world's finest dramatic baritone.

Last week, at a performance of Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*, the first great ovation was reserved for Soprano Renata Tebaldi, making her first Met appearance of the season in the role of Leonora. But in the second act, Baritone Leonard Warren came on as Don Carlo and promptly mesmerized the great house in the famous duet with Tenor Richard Tucker as Don Alvaro. Later, dressed in the gold and black uniform of a Spanish grenadier,

half an hour later, a spotlight hit the curtain, and Bing stepped out again. "This," he began slowly, "is one of the saddest nights . . . I ask you all to rise in memory of one of our greatest performers, who died as I am sure he would have wanted to die—in the middle of one of his greatest performances. I am sure you will agree that it would not be possible to continue with the performance." Many in the audience wept.

Crowding about the stage door later, they still seemed unable to believe that at 48, Baritone Leonard Warren was dead of a cerebral hemorrhage.

Up to High C. In his long career at the Met, Leonard Warren sang some 650 performances of 22 roles. He knew no German or French, nor did he sing Mozart in any language; he was largely limited to the big Italian works. But within that

landed a job in the chorus at the Radio City Music Hall.

**Slow Study.** On a bet, he tried out for the 1938 Metropolitan Auditions of the Air, armed with exactly five operatic arias. When he heard the Warren voice, Conductor Wilfred Pelletier, who was directing the auditions from a control room, thought somebody was playing a joke on him by slipping on a record of a famous baritone. Warren won, and he began his Met career in 1939 singing the minor role of Paolo Albani in *Simon Boccanegra*.

His career developed haltingly. A slow study, he labored as much as seven months over each new role, engaging in a staggering amount of research. For *Rigoletto*, he read 16th century Italian history, studied Renaissance paintings, visited museums to make notes on costumes. Even so, after nearly 20 years, he confided to a friend that he felt he was only beginning to "get into" the part.

Warren's passion for accuracy was felt



Associated Press  
AS DON CARLO



IN "PAGLIACCI"



WARREN



Walter Daron  
AS BOCCANEGRA



New York Times  
AS RIGOLETTO

"This," a mourner said slowly, "is one of the saddest nights . . ."

Warren soliloquized about his gravely wounded comrade-in-arms: "*Morir! . . . Tremenda cosa!*" ("To die! Tremendous thing!"). Finally he sang the great aria, "*Urna fatale del mio destino*" ("Fatal urn of my destiny"), giving it the flooding warmth of color and the vibrant depth of feeling that only he could command.

Then, holding in one hand a portrait of Leonora, he started downstage to make his exit with only a few moments left of Act II. When he was a few feet short of the wings, the picture fell from his hand, and Warren pitched forward on his face and lay still.

**The Voice Stopped.** Tenor Tucker, who had been standing in the wings joking with General Manager Rudolf Bing and Warren's wife Agatha, had just commented, "What a glorious voice!" when the voice stopped, and he turned to see Warren on the floor. He ran onstage as the curtain fell, crying "Lennie, Lennie, what is it? Get back to yourself!" While Baritone Osie Hawkins attempted mouth-to-mouth respiration, the Met's house physician sent for oxygen from the first-aid room.

Out front, Bing assured the audience that the performance would go on after intermission. Baritone Mario Sereni was called as a substitute, but when the audience filed back at the warning buzzer

grateful range he created a whole gallery of careful portrayals infused with a passion and authority no baritone of his time could surpass.

A whole generation of operagoers saw in Warren's burly figure (5 ft. 11 in., 200 lbs.) and big, burnished voice the natural embodiment of opera's great villains—the grandly tormented Macbeth, the insinuatingly oily hunchback Rigoletto, the ravaging Count di Luna of *Trovatore*. But he was also wonderfully effective in roles that called for massive dignity and restraint—Germont in *Traviata*, the title role in *Simon Boccanegra*. What Warren lacked in natural acting ability he more than made up with his remarkable and splendidly controlled voice; it had impressive size, fine texture and immense range. Warren even commanded the top notes, including the high C that many a tenor lacks.

He started his musical career as a tenor back in the days when he was attending Evander Childs High School in The Bronx. Born Leonard Warrenoff, son of the Russian-born owner of a fur shop, Warren dabbled in singing until he was 14, dropped the idea, returned to it as a baritone when he was 19, and started studying seriously. In the Depression years he worked in his father's shop, then

at the Met. He offered advice to conductors, directors, photographers, engineers and other singers. Several seasons ago, when he disagreed with the conductor's tempo during a Verdi opera, he grabbed the man by the throat and announced: "If you don't stick to the proper tempo, so help me I'll walk off the stage."

**Triumphant Moment.** In tribute to its great baritone, the Met last week opened a performance of *The Flying Dutchman* the day after his death with the prelude to Act IV of *Traviata*. Earlier in the week Warren himself had supplied an even more fitting tribute when he appeared in a new production of *Simon Boccanegra*, in which he had made his little-noticed debut 21 years ago. Last week's revival (the first in a decade) benefited from some magnificently colorful sets, the muscular conducting of Dimitri Mitropoulos and fine performances from most of the cast. But the opera was chiefly Warren's, and during the denunciation of the villainous Paolo in the famed Council Chamber scene, he sent his great mahogany-hued voice soaring over the orchestra with a power and blazing passion that made for a memorable experience.

His triumph in that moment was the best measure of what the Met—and all the world of opera—has lost by his death.

# SHOW BUSINESS



BERGMAN SHOOTING "THE DEVIL'S EYE" WITH BIBI ANDERSSON  
A serial Faust from the dark sack of the unconscious.

Lennart Nilsson

## THE SCREEN

### "I Am A Conjuror"

[See Cover]

Wound in eye, blood in mouth, fingers off, neck broken. He calls you down, he calls you forth, beyond the dead, the living, the living dead.

—The Magician

A demon is haunting the movie world. It looks, as many have remarked, like a brilliantly personable werewolf. The figure is tall, bony and shambling. The green eyes burn with strange intensity in a high, narrow skull. The teeth are long and peculiarly pointed. The smile is a little twisted, evoking for the nightmare-prone the grimace of a hanged man. The demon is in effect an immensely creative spirit which has seized for its habitation the son of a Swedish parson, and for its instrument the motion-picture camera.

In 16 years of labor this spirit has driven Sweden's Ernst Ingmar Bergman to produce an enormous canon of cinema, comprising 22 feature films and at least four other scripts, that merges into a single vast and violent masterpiece, a work of volcanic profundity and sometimes tumid pretentiousness, of snorting pornography, sly comedy and ripe ironic wisdom—a sort of serial Faust.

What is more, Bergman's work is all Bergman, and few film directors can make a similar claim. He creates his own pictures from the first line of the script to the last snip of the cutting shears, working with concentrated fury; in spring he customarily collapses in a Stockholm hospital, nurses an imaginary ulcer, and dictates two screen plays in about six weeks. Apart from his film work, Bergman has established himself as the top director of

the Swedish stage by a long chalk, was recently named manager of Stockholm's Royal Dramatic Theater. He also finds time to direct dozens of plays for Swedish radio and television—and to live a private life that most men would consider a career in itself. Says a Hollywood admirer: "Bergman is Sweden's Zuckor, Kazan, Tennessee Williams and Playhouse 99 rolled into one."

**Visions at the Box Office.** In the last four years the films of Ingmar Bergman (pronounced *Bear ih mahn*), almost unknown outside Sweden before 1956, have captured an impressive amount of screen-time in more than a dozen countries. One after another—*Smiles of a Summer Night*, *The Seventh Seal*, *Wild Strawberries*, *Brink of Life*, *The Magician*—they have carried off top prizes at the big film festivals and set the turnstiles twirling on the commercial circuits as no Scandinavian film has done since Garbo was a girl. And last week Stockholm was looking agast at the latest product of Bergman's imagination, a religious horror picture called *The Virgin Spring* (TIME, Feb. 29) that contains "the most terrible rape and murder scenes ever seen in a film." A Stockholm critic called it "Bergman's best."

The U.S. was touched by Bergman late in 1958, when *The Seventh Seal* was released by Janus Films. Skeptics tried to write off Bergman's work as Norse opera for the intellectuals, but a few months later the smash success of *Wild Strawberries* made the U.S. aware that there was much more to Bergman than that. This winter as many as five Bergman films have been running at once in Manhattan. Next week another, a lustily ironic comedy of morals called *A Lesson in Love*, is scheduled to open. Week after that *The Magician* is booked into the big Fox

West Coast chain; in late March it will ride the circuits from coast to coast. And among the art-house exhibitors Bergman is acknowledged as "The Big Swede" who pulled the foreign-film business out of a substantial slump. "It's incredible," says a sociologist, "As though the visions of Zosimos had hit the bestseller list."

**Bunyan of Show Business.** At 41, Ingmar Bergman is scarcely ready to be counted among the profounder prophets. A lot of celluloid must run through the camera before he can even be discussed as the cinematic Strindberg that the Bergmanites insist he is. Nevertheless, Bergman is unquestionably one of the most forceful and fascinatingly original artists who now confront the U.S. in any medium.

It seems easy to explain the influences that shaped him: the formal agonies of the medieval morality play, the psychotic tensions of classic Swedish drama, the nightmares of German expressionism (*The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*), Jean Cocteau's "invisible cinema," in which the eye is wrenched so violently from one image to another that the spectator stops seeing what is physically there and starts seeing what is not. Yet Bergman has traveled far from his sources—and just as far from such contemporary tendencies as the Neo-realist movement of social protest in post-war Italy and the New Wave of romanticism in France. He has created an unmistakable style of his own, a form of what he calls picture thinking about "the reality beyond reality."

He is not easy on his audiences, but he is more spectacularly entertaining, over

\* Zosimos of Panopolis was an alchemist and Gnostic of the 3rd century who suffered some remarkable visions from which he derived the arcane principle: "Nature applied to nature transforms nature."

a greater range, than any moviemaker now at work. In *Waiting Women*, for instance, Bergman develops what may be the most charming seduction scene ever captured by a camera: a sequence in which boy meets girl through a closed door. In *A Lesson in Love* he stages a barroom brawl that is probably the funniest thing of its kind since the confetti scene in Charlie Chaplin's *City Lights*. In *The Magician*, he masterfully mingles horror and hilarity when a corpse rises up to haunt the stubborn rationalist who is dissecting it.

The Bergman boom fits into the cultural context of the times. His is a voice crying in the midst of prosperity that man cannot live by prosperity alone. Turning from the troubled scene around him—"I have no social conscience," he has said—Bergman has focused his lens on the interior landscape, and his work emerges as an allegory on the progress of the soul—his own, and by inference the soul of modern man. He is a Bunyan in show business, a religious artist whose glimpses of the dark heart of man are without equal in the history of cinema.

At the same time he is a shrewd entertainer who admits he will stop at nothing to keep his audiences awake. In three of his pictures he has shown a Shakespearean fascination with the life of the strolling player, the poor mountebank who, "like an angry ape, plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as make the angels weep." Clearly, he sees himself as such an ape. Says Bergman: "I perform conjuring tricks with a conjuring apparatus so expensive and so wonderful that any performer in history would have given anything to use it. I am really a conjurer, and in my work I am guilty of deceit."

**The Two Faces.** The contemplative and the jackanapes are two faces of a deeply separated nature. In Bergman's case, moreover, the split is a thing of more than psychological interest. Since he insists that he himself is the principal

subject matter of his movies, the split in his character is a key not only to his life but to his work.

Many Swedes, wrote Playwright Hjalmar Söderberg, are torn between "the desire of the flesh and the eternal loneliness of the soul," between short, delirious summers and interminable bitter winters of deep-country solitude. But Bergman's sense of inner division is so strong that once (or so he claims) he walked into a room, saw a standing figure, realized with terror that the figure was himself, his *Doppelgänger*. Even the two sides of his face seem startlingly unrelated. The right side looks strangely dead, the left side vividly alive. And he can see much better with his left eye, hear more keenly with his left ear.

On the one hand he has a magical, green-eyed charm, on the other a maniacal temper; in his furies he rips phones off the walls, and once in a TV station he hurled a chair through a glass control booth. Bergman can be stuffily bourgeois, particularly in business, and wildly bohemian, especially with women. His steamy affairs have long been the talk of Scandinavia, and he has been married four times.\* Few women ever really recover from the Bergman experience, and his ex-wives have not remarried. ("Too tired," explains one.) But they remain his friends, as do his former mistresses, many of them movie actresses.

**The Icebergman.** Yet the burning lover, both Bergman and his women agree, has a heart of ice. "The Icebergman," some have called him, and he himself has often confessed that he cannot really feel. About women he once mused: "All of

\* Bergman's domestic milestones: married at 25 to Dancer Else Fisher, divorced after two years, one daughter; married at 27 to Stage Director Ellen Bergman (no kin), divorced after five years, two sons, two daughters; married at 32 to Journalist Gun Grut, divorced after nine years, one son; married at 41 to Pianist Kari Larete, his present wife.



MOUNTEBANKS\* IN "THE MAGICIAN"  
Born from a bag of tricks.

them impress me. I would like to kill a couple of them, or maybe let them kill me." An author who knows him well believes that "there is no tenderness or consideration in the man. Sometimes you feel as if inside him there is no one at home."

At home, inside Bergman, is a morbid population of major and minor terrors. He has unusually keen hearing and claims that the slightest sound disturbs him. Not long ago, when a painter was making sketches of him, Bergman stuffed wool in his ears; he could not bear the sound of squeaking charcoal. He is equally sensitive to emotional dissonance: "I cannot work if I have a single enemy on the set." He nourishes imaginary illnesses but is horrified of real ones; he gets furious if someone with a cold comes near him. He feels "The Great Fear" whenever he leaves Sweden, and has spent less than six months of his life outside the country. He sleeps badly and has frequent fantasies of death.

Theatrical though some of these terrors are—flummery from the conjurer's bag of

\* Ingrid Thulin and Max von Sydow.



CHESS WITH DEATH IN "SEVENTH SEAL" (RIGHT, VON SYDOW) VISION OF CHILDHOOD IN "STRAWBERRIES" (RIGHT: SJÖSTRÖM)  
Torn between the desire of the flesh and the loneliness of the soul.



Björnstrand & Dahlbeck  
In a child's garden of vices, worms.

tricks—the people who know Bergman best are convinced that the core of his torment is genuine. "He is pursued by God," says a friend. And God is pursued by Bergman. "I want knowledge," one of his characters declares in *The Seventh Seal*. "Not faith, but knowledge! I want God to stretch his hand toward me, to uncover his face, to speak to me!"

**The Confession Couch.** A strange child was father to this strange man. Second son of an ambitious Evangelical Lutheran parson who eventually became chaplain to Sweden's royal family, Ernst Ingmar Bergman grew up in a home filled with cold constraint and deep unhappiness. His mother and father, a friend relates, were "sealed in iron casquets" of duty, he to the church, she to the household. They had little to do with each other and considered it "sinful to fuss over the children." Father held frequent court on the "confession couch," where he heard the children recite their sins. Little Ingmar soon developed a stammer and a chronic stomach-ache, retreated into a life of fantasy. Only in the last few years has he been reconciled with his parents. "I survived," he says with a shrug. "And they gave me something to break." They also gave him, as a French critic has pointed out, "the themes of his future work: God and the Devil, Life and Death, the drama of the couple and the tragic solitude of beings."

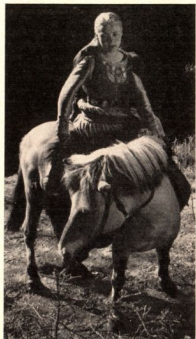
As a present, Ingmar got a magic lantern as a prize ("I can still smell the exquisite odor of hot metal"), and in it his fantasies came to focus. A year later he got a primitive film projector and soon after that a puppet theater. The demon took over. With a burst of energy, Ingmar began to build dolls and scenery. Soon he produced a full-length drama by Strindberg; he handled the puppets and spoke all the parts himself, from memory.

**Bohemian Superman.** In his teens Ingmar attended a private school in Stockholm, where the boys considered him somewhat peculiar. "So he read Nietzsche," a friend recalls, "and consoled himself that he was a superman." While at Stockholm University, he ran a youth club theater, and in 1940, just after the German invasion of Norway, his production of *Macbeth*—with angry, anti-Nazi overtones and Bergman himself in the role of Duncan—made a minor sensation. In 1941, over papa's furious objections,

Bergman quit college, holed up in the Gamla Stan (the old section of Stockholm), pounded out play scripts, slept on backstage mats, slouched around town in baggy slacks, a turtle-neck sweater and a three days' growth of protest.

Bergman's mood at the time is suggested by his sense of humor. One of his "comedy" ideas: on a hot summer day, a clergyman goes to a striptease palace and finds that he is the only customer; in gratitude, the stripper goes to his church next Sunday and finds that she is the only worshiper; after a love affair, the clergyman, overcome with guilt, castrates himself. "This is comedy?" asked a horrified friend. Reluctantly, Bergman gave up the joke, produced his play as a tragedy, *Murder in Barjaerna*.

In those days, an impressionable older



BIRGITTA PETTERSSON  
For the intellectuals, Norse opera.

woman recalls, his "derisive laughter seemed to originate in the darkest corners of Hell." It was impressionable women who first understood that Bergman was something special, and made him understand it too. Bergman signed on as an assistant at the Royal Opera House, broke into the legitimate theater as a director, eventually staged everything from *The Merry Widow* to *Faust*. In 1944 he submitted his first script to Svensk Filmindustri, the biggest of Sweden's main film companies. Shot by Alf Sjöberg, Sweden's top director at the time, *Torment* became an international hit. "The Bergman Renaissance" had begun.

**The Tapeworm.** It could not have happened in a more unlikely place. Built while films were still silent, Stockholm's SF studio was partly "soundproofed" until last year by old Oriental rugs strung up

on the walls. And Bergman's glorious closeups are achieved with an ancient horror of a camera that has to be smothered with rugs and pillows to stifle its mechanical groans. New equipment is out of the question. Few Swedish films make money, even though most of them cost less than \$200,000. The industry lives on government subsidies and profits from distributing U.S. films. "There is no Swedish film industry," says one moviemaker. "There is only Ingmar Bergman."

Fortunately, Bergman is prolific. He gets most of his ideas for movies while making movies. He sees the idea suddenly, "a brightly colored thread sticking out of the dark sack of the unconscious," and "this thread I wind up carefully." When not in a mood for dictating, he sits in an easy chair and writes with a broad-nibbed pen on yellow paper. When a scenario is finished, Bergman submits it to Carl Anders Dymling, SF's courtly and cultured boss. Sometimes Bergman rewrites a script three times before both are satisfied. But once the script is set, Dymling steps aside; he refuses to set foot on the set while Bergman is shooting. Then Bergman grimly pulls on the sailor's watch cap he wears in the studio and starts to shoot his film: "A tapeworm 2,500 meters long that sucks the life and spirit out of me. It is dreadfully exacting work. When I am filming, I am ill."

**Cinema Stock Company.** Technically, Bergman is a master of his trade. He drifts about the studio with a faraway gaze in his eyes—"He looks like a snake charmer, a conjurer"—but he sees everything. He drives his technicians hard, demands and gets unquestioning loyalty from his actors. Most of them are prominent players on the Swedish stage; yet year after year they take parts in Bergman's pictures, even though it means giving up summer vacations, even though the parts are sometimes small and the pay unexciting.

Together, these players form a unit unique in the history of film: a cinema stock company trained by one director and dedicated to his purposes, beyond question the finest collection of cinematic actors assembled under one roof. Among the principals: Gunnar Björnstrand, a skinny, thin-lipped, cold-eyed man who portrays the intellectual icicles Bergman loves to dissolve; Eva Dahlbeck, a bright-eyed, matronly blonde who is far and



HARRIET ANDERSSON & Co-STAR  
For Adam, a much-nibbled apple.



Artist: Shiko Munakata

Those who know the truth are  
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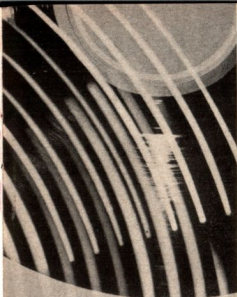
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MAKING THE BEST TODAY STILL BETTER TOMORROW

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away the finest comedienne in the troupe; Max von Sydow, a tall, gaunt, rugged actor who generally personifies Bergman's spiritual search and sufferings; Harriet Andersson, a full-lipped Eve, the much-nibbled apple of the Bergman hero's eye; Bibi Andersson, the company's cleverest and most appealing ingénue.

**Kill, If Necessary.** Bergman scorns "The Method" of coddling the actor's ego; instead, he hard-boils it. Once the day's work has begun, no performer may leave the set, not even to make a phone call. Not the slightest deviation from script is permitted. Björnstrand once begged Bergman to rewrite a line. "I can't interpret it," he protested. Bergman replied coldly, "It's your job to interpret it." No stand-ins are used, even when the action is dangerous. Moreover, Bergman permits no lengthy psychoanalytic discussions of motive; usually, he feels, they "overinflate" a performance.

On set or location, Bergman works swiftly and surely, plans and almost always manages to shoot three minutes of finished film every day. He runs four rehearsals for each scene, shoots three takes (as against dozens sometimes done in Hollywood), uses up about 20,000 feet of film for a 7,000-foot picture. (For *Ben-Hur*, which ran 19,000 feet, Hollywood's William Wyler exposed 1,250,000 feet of celluloid.) When a picture is finished, Bergman cuts it ruthlessly, taking his motto from William Faulkner: "Kill all your darlings!" When they are all dead, Bergman collapses in a savage depression that he cannot shake until he starts writing his next script.

"For me," Bergman has said seriously, "there is only one loyalty: to the film on which I am working. I may lie if it is a beautiful lie, prostitute my talent if it will further my cause, steal if there is no other way out. I could also kill my friends or anyone else if it would help my art."

**Maze of Mirrors.** What emerges from Bergman's personal and passionate process of creation bears small resemblance to the Hollywood product. Often Bergman's images are sudden, vivid, enigmatic. His camera makes a running and usually ironic comment on the action. He tells his story in subtle cadences of closeups ("What interests me is the face"), letting his camera move surely, sensitively with the flow of feeling and expression. There is a kind of stillness sometimes even in violence, a magic even in the commonplace.

Confined by his budget to black-and-white film, he exploits the expressive possibilities of light perhaps more fully than any director alive. And he uses sound—and silence—with the skill and sensitivity of a composer. With subtle verve and dazzling control, he can alternate dreamy love with Gothic horror or wonderfully bawdy hilarity. He is equally at home with Wildean wit and low Shakespearean vaudeville. Like a gadfly, Bergman buzzes about his favorite target: the normal, healthy, inadequate male. ("Grown men are so rare," one of his women says sweet-



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ly to her husband, "that we pick the child who suits us.")

Along with these vital virtues come pernicious defects. Bergman's work is often pretentious, obscure, and riddled with private references. He has the courage to use clichés, and often they work beautifully—witness the white-faced, black-cloaked figure of Death in *The Seventh Seal*. But at other times, particularly in his comedies, the clichés are the devices of a back-country Ernst Lubitsch; in *A Lesson in Love*, the last-minute, sappy symbolic entrance of a small boy dressed as Cupid is pure *Kitsch*.

Furthermore, the spectator is too frequently caught in a maze of mirrors, a ricochet of flashbacks. Bergman likes to wander away from his audience into a child's garden of vices where he plays "biting little games" of innuendo and digs "poisonously squirming worms of association." Often he wanders even farther, down into weird sea valleys of sick imagination where all human values are dissolved into primordial symbols and only a psychiatrist can adequately follow. Yet Bergman's films can be seen as a fascinating psychological record of his struggle to rise out of these cold depths of isolation to the warm world of human feeling.

**From Hate to Hope.** The struggle begins in Bergman's first script, where it is expressed as a young man's attempt to escape the influence of a cold and evil old man. He fails. In Bergman's early films the evil old man is gradually transformed into an evil mother (*Illit Interlude*), who tells her son he will never be able to live his life. He drowns. Then dramatically in *The Naked Night*, one of Bergman's most powerful films, the hero after a moral and physical ordeal kills a bear. One Jungian analyst, after seeing the film, pointed out that the bear is the traditional totem of the evil mother in myths and fairy tales.

Whether or not this far-out interpretation is correct, Bergman's pictures suddenly brighten. He makes three comedies (*A Lesson in Love*, *Dreams*, *Smiles of a Summer Night*), in which his first worthwhile women appear and begin to educate their demoralized and dependent men. The education obviously succeeds, for in *The Seventh Seal*, Bergman's first heroic hero appears: a knight who delays implacable Death long enough to accomplish "one single meaningful action." He preserves the lives of Mia and Jof (Mary and Joseph) and their infant son, who will one day "perform the one impossible trick" of making a ball stand still in the air, i.e., he will transcend nature. *The Seventh Seal* marks the great divide in Bergman's life and work. With it death and desperation fall away, life and hope appear.

**From Mind to Faith.** Warmed and inspired by this intimation of divinity, Bergman in *Wild Strawberries* begins a determined search for God within himself. In the person of his principal character, an old physician (played by Viktor Sjöström) who has lived the life of the mind but personifies the death of the heart, Bergman (as he has described it) weighs

his whole life and finds it wanting in love. But at the finish, the old scientist returns to the bosom of his family and there finds the love and meaning he had lost.

With love, life can begin, and in *Brink of Life*, Bergman watches three pregnant women as they attempt to achieve birth (in the context, birth may symbolize an attempted rebirth in the spiritual sense). But nothing is born, and in *The Magician* Bergman examines the reason for the failure—lack of faith. His magician-hero, made up to resemble Christ, has supernatural powers, but he listens to rational objections, doubts himself, loses his powers. But in the last reel of the film, after long sufferings in obscurity, the magician is "called at last" to perform in the presence of the King. And in the latest picture, *The Virgin Spring*, God makes his first miraculous intervention in the world



INGMAR & KAEBI  
The ex-wives are tired.

of Ingmar Bergman. On the spot where the beautiful virgin is brutally done to death, a spring bubbles forth from the dry land. And Bergman cries out, with the voice of the girl's father: "Here I will build unto Thee a church. . . I know no other way to be reconciled with my own hands. I know no other way to live."

**Dangers of Happiness.** The development described in Bergman's work seems to have been realized in his life. Since the completion of *The Virgin Spring*, friends have noticed a new mellowness in the man. An intimate who has peeked at his diaries reports that they used to be filled "with a very funny kind of logic in which he could wear many different masks and be a new man for every person he met. They reminded me of Kafka." But recently the note of logical unreality has disappeared, and the diaries are now filled mostly with clearheaded, matter-of-fact notes about people to be seen and work to be done.

Bergman and his pianist-wife, Kaebi

(pronounced Cabby), live with two servants in a big old frame house in a Stockholm suburb. Bergman is up at 7:30. At 9:15 a studio chauffeur delivers him to SF, at 5 takes him home. After supper he sets up the next day's work, goes early to bed. The Bergmans rarely entertain—too much trouble. He coolly observes: "We have to administer our gifts." Bergman likes his wife to wear light makeup. "I don't want her to look like a movie actress," he says.

To some of Bergman's friends, the suburban idyll looks too good to last. One of them skeptically recalls a line from a Bergman script: "Happiness is a thick, paralyzing pastry settling down on one's everyday life." But so far happiness has not stifled Bergman's creative inspiration. Last week most of his next film, a comedy called *The Devil's Eye*, was in the can, and he was hard at work on the script of another picture. And it will take him a dozen years, he expects, to make all the other movies he has in mind. He will probably make most of them in Sweden. "I have spent 15 years forging my instrument," he says, "and now I have become a part of it. All the legs of the millepede are working at last. Why should I leave?"

**The Existentialist.** Hollywood is trying hard to persuade him. Harry Belafonte recently offered him the chance to make a movie with Belafonte in the role of Alexander Pushkin, the octroon who was Russia's greatest poet. Bergman declined with thanks (said he: "Pushkin was a genius. Belafonte is not"). And a Hollywood producer has reportedly offered him twelve times the modest annual income (about \$22,000) he realizes from all four of his careers if he will make a picture with a big Hollywood star. Bergman has "indicated interest" in making a screen version of *The Fall*, by Albert Camus.

In whatever he does, Ingmar Bergman will continue with all the force of his extraordinary talent "to express the current dilemma," which he sees as a religious dilemma. God's in his heaven, says Bergman, all's wrong with the world. Man needs a God much closer to home, a God within himself. "If God is not there, life is an outrageous terror" ruled by fate, which has "no answers, merely appointments." Nevertheless, "nobody can live with Death before his eyes, and the knowledge of the nothingness of all things." Life must have a meaning. But the search for meaning ends in empty words and an empty heart.

In the last ditch of despair, Bergman finds the courage to be. Life, he cries, is the meaning of life. "Step by step you go into the darkness. The movement itself is the only truth. . . The most dangerous ways are the only passable ones." It is an existentialist statement, and Bergman is a passionate existentialist, but more in Christian Kierkegaard's than in Atheist Sartre's sense. "Man's essence," wrote Sartre, "is his existence." Man's essence, says Bergman, is God's existence. "Somehow life goes on. I believe in life, in this life, a life after death, all kinds of life. . . And death is a part of life."



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# EDUCATION

## Descent of Man

Some 900 miles north and 1,800 miles west of the spot where the celebrated Scopes "Monkey Trial" shocked the world, and a full 35 years later, the state of Washington's supervisor of curriculum guides, John M. Howell, announced: "Now, of course, no one really believes the Darwinian theory . . . If Darwinian evolution is true, then the Bible is untrue, and I prefer to hold by the Old Book rather than to accept a worthless theory."

Supervisor Howell, 65, a onetime Seventh-day Adventist missionary in South America, assured everyone that his own view was not necessarily the state's. No state teacher was under fire for teaching evolution, though "his own mind should tell him that he is doing wrong in so teaching." But the damage had been done. From the size of the uproar, it appeared that the majority of the people of Washington subscribed to Darwin's theory. Most embarrassed of all: Lloyd J. Andrews, state superintendent of public instruction, who had appointed Howell and who is seeking the Republican nomination for Governor. "Howell got his job," observed a Democratic wit, "only because he delivered the temperance vote to Andrews."

Knowing only too well that the fittest survive in politics, Andrews last week removed Fundamentalist Howell from his post, is looking for a less conspicuous spot to put him in. In Washington State's modern school system, the missing link is now John M. Howell.

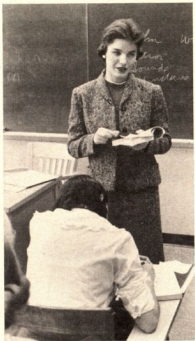
## A Good English Teacher

At New Trier Township High School in Winnetka, Ill., a pretty, blue-eyed young woman, who might be mistaken for a home economics teacher, instead makes an unusual approach to the teaching of high school English. Karin De Long spiritedly guides her students through challenging books, then has them find and lift out techniques to use in their own writing. Any kind of writing—mostly good, but sometimes bad—is fair game for Teacher De Long. One week she may give her class Chaucer, another week Thomas Hardy, another a collection of Japanese *Haiku* (17-syllable poems). "I want to see both good structure and an exciting use of words," she tells her students, as they buckle down to a job that has caught their interest.

**Writing Precisely.** This instruction is only part of Teacher De Long's course, which covers all the conventional ground of high school English. But it goes to the heart of her method: making students realize the power of words, and their own potential power over them. Above all, Teacher De Long strives to teach composition, and she begins composition at a logical starting point. Instead of sugary essays on "What I Did Last Summer," her students begin with two weeks of lit-

erary logic—causation, connectives, transitions. What earns a good mark is order and clarity, not florid language. It is the principle once stated by Ernest Hemingway: "Prose is architecture, not interior decoration."

When they get the heft of the tools, Teacher De Long's students move on to consider emotions. "What is this writer doing with these words?" she asks, and the writer may be a *True Story* fictioneer or the adman who coined the phrase, "Ocean-Combed Percales" ("Can the ocean comb anything?"). If the writer is Shakespeare, she wants to know pre-



Arthur Siegel  
NEW TRIER'S DE LONG & STUDENT  
No time for ogling.

cisely and specifically how the reader is made to feel, for instance, the evil in Lady Macbeth. If the writer is a student, she wants him to say precisely what he feels. "Everything goes back to this general aim: to make students more effective as human beings."

Is such teaching rare these days in U.S. public schools? Many high school principals feel that it may be. At their annual convention in Portland, Ore. last week, high school principals called for more English themes, even if teachers must enlist salaried assistants to help read and appraise them. At another meeting of U.S. school administrators in Atlantic City, N.J., Paul B. Diederich of the Educational Testing Service loosed a startling prediction; by 1970, U.S. colleges will be rejecting one-fourth of all applicants because they read and write so badly. Diederich's reason: soaring enrollment is killing English composition in the high schools.

**Perfectionism.** If most teachers share Dr. Diederich's glum view, Karin De Long is not among them. She is one of the best English teachers ever seen at one of the country's best high schools. Just 24 last week, and married to a medical student at Northwestern University, she has the face and figure of a campus beauty queen, which she was a few years ago at Minnesota's Carleton College. (She also graduated *magna cum laude* with a Phi Beta Kappa key.) But her 100 students in four daily classes have no time for ogling her. Teacher De Long is a perfectionist; she conscientiously demands—and scrupulously grades—one theme per student each week. Result: she works 14 hours a day six days a week and most of Sunday. "This consumes me," she concedes.

For her hard-driving efforts, Karin De Long is paid \$4,750 a year. With a master's degree and merit raises, she could rise to \$9,500 in another 15 years. She may not last that long as a teacher. But for as long as she stays on the job, Teacher De Long intends to give English composition the full treatment. Says she: "So much misunderstanding in the world is based on the inability of someone to express his true feelings to somebody else."

## The Vanishing Teacher

Will flesh-and-blood teachers eventually be replaced by audio-visual gadgets? At the convention in Cincinnati last week of the National Education Association's Department of Audio-Visual Education some 2,000 people oohed and aahed over electronic marvels designed for the classroom. Proclaimed outgoing DAVI President Walter S. Bell, director of audio-visual education in Atlanta: "The familiar concept of a teacher in a classroom with only some books has completely broken down. The old methods simply cannot meet the challenge of the next decade, if education is to serve the humanities."

After studying the eye-boggling machines that flashed answers across screens, taught foreign languages in deep, resonant voice, lit up with a cheerful "very good" when fed a correct answer, the audio educators were quick to prophesy a revolution in the art of teaching. "It is now possible," declared James D. Finn, professor of education at the University of Southern California and incoming DAVI president, "not only to eliminate the teacher but the school system." Marshall McLuhan, English professor at St. Michael's College, the University of Toronto, in a splendid flight of pedagogical rhetoric, added: "The dialogue [between man and machine] will replace the guided tours of data provided by the book. For in the dialogue, there is no maintaining a point of view but only the common participation in creating perpetually new insight and understanding in a total field of unified awareness."

DAVI President Finn offered one caveat: this awesome equipment must not fall into the hands of any one private institution, e.g., the Ford Foundation. Said he: "The American people don't elect representatives to the Ford Foundation."



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by Jerry and Anne Chase (who learned how at La Concha in Puerto Rico)

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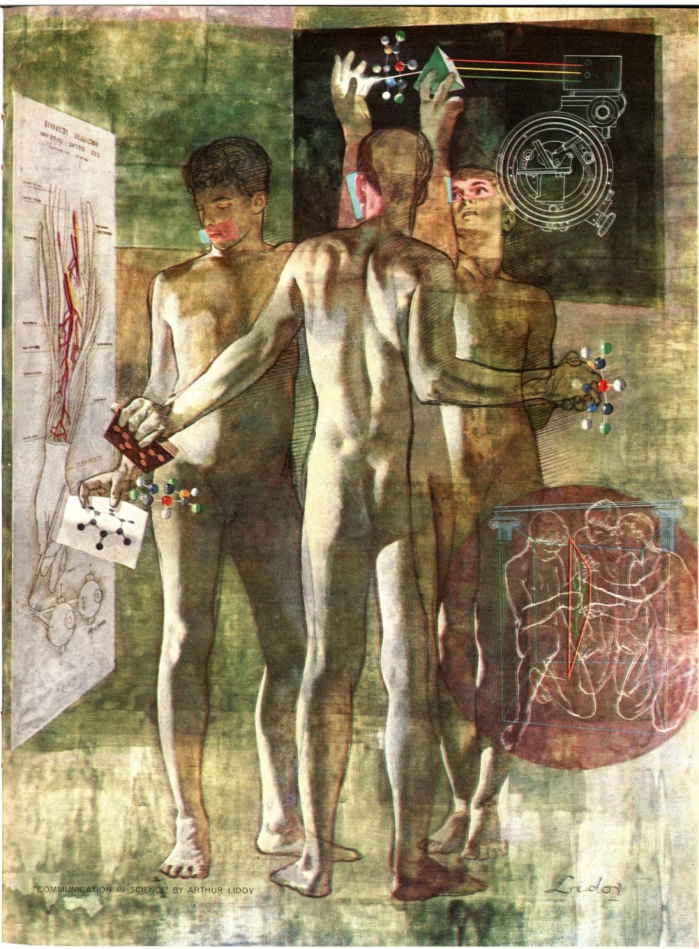
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## THE THEATER

### New Plays on Broadway

**The Good Soup** (adapted from the French of Felicien Marceau by Garson Kanin) constitutes, even to the form it takes, the reminiscences of a coldly successful French cocotte. Ruth Gordon, as the middle-aged Marie-Paule, unfolds them to a Monte Carlo croupier, while Diane Cilento acts out Marie-Paule's earlier self. Later, when Marie-Paule is no longer young, Actress Gordon wistfully dismisses Actress Cilento as her "vanished youth" and herself takes over the part. From prostitution in "half-hour hotels," Marie-Paule had gone on to living grub-bily with men, and then to being kept, and then to marriage and motherhood and expanding her husband's business. When she tumbled at last to go into well-heeled banishment, it was, ironically, for just once blundering through compassion.

Told in neat, revue-skit-sized flashbacks, *The Good Soup* uses a good deal of stage material that is somewhat reminiscent itself. Its scenes are oftener familiar and hard-headed than lighthearted and original, so that in terms of lightly farcical entertainment, *The Good Soup* needs more sass and zest. But *Soup*, with the story it has to tell, need not only be as frothy as champagne, or as French as snails; it can also, and with rewards of its own, be as French as money. There is nothing girlishly rueful or gallantly raffish about Marie-Paule; though now and then touching, she is cynical and hard. "I don't forgive," she says, "even the ones who have done nothing to me." She was not ruined or misled; she was never sentimentally tempted or morally torn; the one time love came to her it was overwhelmingly physical; regret was not for being calculating but for miscalculating, not for her tarnished youthful past, but for its passing. She has not mellowed or grown; she has only grown older.

Despite her jauntily presented and even half-parodied experiences, hers is a real portrait of a woman; and despite being often fashioned of clichés, hers—like that of Restoration-comedy worldlings—is an authentic attitude. But just as Restoration comedy can grow tiresome in constantly pursuing sex for pleasure, *The Good Soup* begins to flag in constantly pursuing it for pay. For the light touch to win out over the spotted truth, Marie-Paule's career needs more amusing variety, or she herself needs a sense of humor, or Playwright Marceau a livelier wit. Yet, in addition to piquant staging and bright performances, notably by Actress Gordon and Mildred Natwick, *The Good Soup* has its own kind of interest of succeeding with the ice rather than the champagne, and shows character for preferring a measure of flatness to falsity.

**There Was a Little Girl** (adapted by Daniel Taradash from Christopher Davis' novel) is the kind of play that particularly needs everything in it done right—

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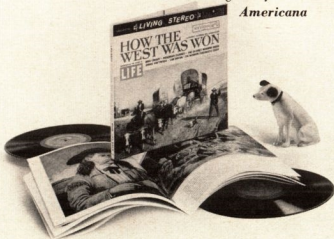
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and where almost nothing is. It tells of a well-brought-up 18-year-old girl, played by Henry Fonda's promising 22-year-old daughter Jane, who is assaulted by two hoodlums and raped by one of them. The dribbling scenes that follow and that involve the girl's upset parents, her inquisitive kid sister, her caddish boy friend, the guilty hoodlum, an uncharitable community and the girl's own hysterical qualms, do very little to justify what gave rise to them.

Beyond the adapter's wobbly stagecraft and Joshua Logan's unsure staging, the play—like some of its characters—capitalizes too much on its gossip value. The key to its level of taste is the between-the-scenes music that blares forth the mixed sentimentalism and sensationalism of a vastly-in-need-of-soap opera.

## Old Play Off Broadway

**Henry IV, Part I** is the richest of Shakespeare's chronicle plays, partly for the fire and dash of its impetuous Hotspur, pre-eminently for the titanic verve of its waddling Falstaff. Between the two of them—the one filled with chivalric ideals of honor, the other cynically dismissing honor as mere "air"—stand all manner of men, and of human ambitions and failings and faiths. About equally between them, at the center of the play, stands a youthful Prince Hal, who must grow from being a thoughtless playboy and Falstaff's roistering play-fellow into Hotspur's slayer and the eventual victor of Agincourt. With its carousing hero and its treacherous king and its traitorous rebels, with its grand-mannered plotting and grand-language speeches, *Henry IV* has considerable vitality without Falstaff.

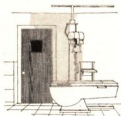
All the same, *Henry IV* is almost unthinkable without Falstaff. Whether in the bottle scenes where he swaggers like a general, or in the battle scenes where he quivers like a jelly, this thieving, braggart liar, this gorging, guzzling "huge bombard of sack" who lives on his wits and gets by on his charm so bestrides the play that the great danger is he will completely distort it; he so dominates over it on occasion as to send royalty and even history packing.

One of the virtues of the Phoenix Theater's lively production is that, as staged by Stuart Vaughan, it keeps a happy balance, values its martial clang and stir, sets broadsword heroics against tankard humor, and is never for a moment a one-man show. But it is no less a virtue of the current production that Eric Berry's robustly nimble and resourceful Falstaff is by all odds the play's best-acted role. Donald Madden's Hotspur is properly dynamic too, though it substitutes mere energy for fire and dash. As Henry, Fritz Weaver makes a well-spoken tapestry King; only the Hal falls short, from too metronomic a speech and school-boy an air.

But offering a play that in modern times has not always fared well with big names, the Phoenix has done an attractive job without any.

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All the beauty of genuine wood . . . plus remarkable fire safety! It's possible now with these new Roddis Fire Doors. They meet Building Code fire-retardance requirements. They are tested, listed and labeled by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

The secret of these unique Fire Doors is in their exclusive patented core. It's made of special wood particles which are bonded with a powerful new resin into a solid, "fireproofed" panel. And they're so warp-free, that we *guarantee them for life*.

Roddis all wood Fire Doors are being specified in more and more buildings where fire hazard is of vital concern. (For example, Proviso West High School in Hillside, Illinois, is using them in fire-critical areas.)

If you want natural wood beauty . . . and must have certified fire safety . . . we'll send our new door catalog and complete specifications. Write: Roddis Plywood Corporation, Marshfield, Wisconsin.



Roddis also makes Fire-Retardant wood panelings . . . regular doors . . . Craftwall prefinished paneling . . . veneers . . . wood finishes . . . woodworking adhesives . . . Timblend, man-made board.

*Roddis does such wonderful  
new things with wood!*



**GO, TEAM GO . . .** A Southern basketball coach has developed musical pep talks. Before games, he plays tape recorded music. It starts out slow and soothing, then works up to a raging crescendo just before game time. The team is not undefeated, but you should see the footwork.

**AMAZEMENT . . .** Next time you have to memorize anything, let your recorder help. It's fantastic the way the memory process is aided by recording something several times and playing it back. "SCOTCH" BRAND Magnetic Tapes take a lot of replaying without losing quality.

**CURED . . .** The wife of a recordist had a secret belief that she was an undiscovered diva. This led to many unhappy moments for the family. One day she decided to try taping her voice. She recorded an aria from Aida, then played it back. There was a moment of truth . . . followed by many moments of peace in the recordist's home. She hasn't sung since.

**UNIFORMITY** is a big word in tapes. Thickness of backing and oxide coating must be constant . . . neither too thick nor too thin. Variation leads to sound distortion. New "SCOTCH" BRAND Tartan Series Tapes offer unparalleled uniformity in addition to their other unmatched features.

**BUY!** You pay only \$2.95 for 1200 feet of stereo-quality Tartan Series Tape No. 141, standard play, 7-inch reel (for all-purpose recording). For \$1.75, you get 600 feet on a 5-inch reel. Use it for both monaural and stereo recording. Splice-free. Available at your retail dealer's.

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## MEDICINE

### Perambulator to Grave

Everybody loves a chubby baby—but is a chubby baby necessarily the healthiest and destined to live longest? Probably not, and especially if the chubbiness persists through adolescence, suggests Antioch College's Anthropologist Stanley M. Garn in a study for the 1960 White House Conference on Children and Youth. In fact, the increase of overeating and obesity in childhood leads Garn to ask: "Are we eating our way to the cemetery beginning in the perambulator?"

Highly fattening food is now generally and easily available to the vast majority of U.S. youngsters, Garn notes. As calories have become more accessible and irresistible, the chances to work them off in healthy exercise have diminished. "In many of our great cities," he writes, "safe opportunities for strenuous play now scarcely exist . . . As suburbia expands . . . the car pool and the school bus reduce the energy expenditure, and the ranch house no longer provides calorie-expending stairs to climb."

Of overweight children studied in one community, 80% became overweight adults—and adult obesity goes with increased liability to heart-and-artery disease. In fact, says Garn, the American child's diet, sometimes characterized as "one big milk shake," is perilously akin to a diet used by medical researchers to create death-dealing obesity in rats. He concludes: "Frappés, fat-meat hamburgers, bacon-and-mayonnaise sandwiches, followed by ice cream, may be good for the farmer, good for the undertaker, and bad for the populace."

### Death in Manhattan

Ever since Freudian patter became the common currency of the cocktail hour, the idea has been spreading that people who have accidents are "accident-prone." But for a massive group of accident victims—the 8,000 U.S. pedestrians killed each year by motor vehicles—there is no clear medical evidence one way or the other. Last week an American College of Surgeons meeting in Boston learned the results of an intensive and ingenious study that enlisted experts from the New York State Department of Health and the Bureau of Motor Vehicles, Cornell University Medical College, the office of New York City's chief medical examiner, and the police department.

For six months, investigators logged the place and hour of each adult pedestrian fatality in Manhattan. Then, reported Dr. William Haddon Jr., a team went there at the same hour the next day and interviewed the first four pedestrians who happened along. The researchers went so far as to collect breath samples from them. The victims presumably differed somehow from their neighbors who crossed the same streets safely at the same hours. How?

Of the 50 adult pedestrians who were killed, 74% had been drinking com-



George Woodruff  
RESEARCHER HADDON  
Straight streets are dangerous.

pared with 33% of the chance passers-by. Average age was 50 among the fatalities v. 42 among the others.

Foreign-born made up 63% of the victims v. 45% of the others.

More surprising but less illuminating were some random facts: most pedestrian deaths occurred on straight streets with no unusual obstructions, and in good weather (though in rain and poor visibility, the toll increased). Except for the Bowery, heavily congested business districts had fewer fatalities than residential areas with lighter traffic.

For the surgeons as well as for pedestrians there was a sharp lesson. Many people hit by vehicles show no obvious sign of life-threatening injury, yet die within hours. The explanation, said Harvard's Dr. Richard Ford, is simple: fracture of the pelvis. Doctors too often overlook this injury, and should bear it in mind when examining every accident victim.

### Tranquilizer Seizures

Far from tranquilizing a child, some of the potent drugs given to prevent nausea and vomiting may throw him into convulsions, warns a Manhattan pediatrician. In some cases, says New York University's Dr. Sidney Q. Cohan in *GP* (published by the American Academy of General Practice), even moderate doses of drugs in the phenothiazine family\* produce alarming and puzzling convulsions.

Commonest symptom in susceptible children, Dr. Cohan reported, is a seizure like that of tetanus, in which the spine is arched stiffly back. Next in frequency come uncontrollable eye rolling, rigidity

\* Best-known members: chlorpromazine (Thorazine), prochlorperazine (Compazine), promazine (Sparine) and perphenazine (Trilafon).

of the muscles (especially those used in chewing), and drooling. Understandably, physicians have mistaken these disorders for signs of epilepsy, tetanus, bulbar polio and encephalitis. In one case they increased the dose of the drug, in a fumbling effort to treat the seizures that a smaller dose had caused.

Fortunately, says Dr. Cohan, the symptoms usually subside if the drug is stopped, though sometimes anticonvulsive drugs must be given. And there is no permanent damage. Main thing, he says, is that physicians should not give children these potent drugs haphazardly—and should know what to watch for when they are prescribed.

## Total Push Against TB

Tuberculosis, the nation's greatest killer only a half-century ago, taking 150,000 lives annually, can be wiped out for all practical purposes within the next few years. Convinced that this goal is achievable, the National Tuberculosis Association last week announced plans (made in conjunction with the U.S. Public Health Service) for a final, all-out campaign against TB.

The striking drop in TB mortality in the last few years (to about 12,000 in 1959) has been brought about by treatment with one or more of three wonder drugs: streptomycin (1944), para-aminosalicylic acid or PAS (1944) and isoniazid (1951). Eradication of the disease depends on full use of drugs, following aggressive case finding. There are now 400,000 known TB victims in the U.S. (150,000 with active disease), and an estimated additional 400,000 who have escaped detection.

There is no time to lose, said the Rockefeller Institute's famed Microbiologist René Dubos. Reason: the nation's general health and health care were never better,

and skillful use of drug combinations has kept resistant tubercle bacilli down to manageable proportions. But delay could be fatal, by giving time for resistant strains to get out of hand. "In 20 years," said Dr. Dubos, "it will be too late. It's now or never."

## Brand Names & Prices

When a doctor writes a prescription, he may use either the general chemical name of the drug or the trademarked brand name of some particular manufacturer. The brand-named items usually cost more. Congressional investigators and drug manufacturers who recently debated the merits of the rival methods reached no conclusion. But Connecticut's state welfare department last week took positive action. It issued a list of the 25 trademarked drugs (see box) most commonly prescribed for welfare recipients, and ordered doctors to prescribe by general name "whenever possible." Said Governor Abraham Ribicoff: "The state is not going to pay through the nose for brand-name drugs."

Savings were expected to average 50%. Sample differences in wholesale prices: Dexedrine, \$2.65 per 100 v. dextroamphetamine, 44¢; Rubramin, \$3.33 per 100 v. vitamin B-12, \$1.85; Pentids, \$1.27 for twelve tablets v. buffered penicillin G, \$2.75 per 100. Retail prices would be in about the same proportion. All drugs sold by chemical name must meet the same Government standards of purity and potency as brand-named items. Connecticut was banking on an annual saving of at least \$250,000, and Dr. Harold Pierce, the welfare department's medical director, thought the savings might run to \$500,000. "This," said he, "is the entering wedge. If welfare recipients get drugs for less, why shouldn't the other 98% of the general public?"

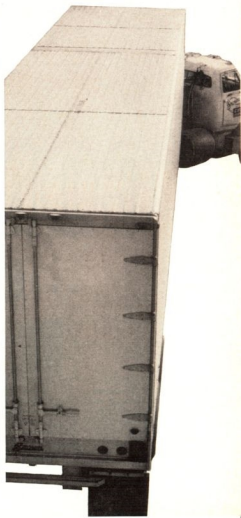
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### CHEMICAL NAME

Piperazine citrate  
Bacitracin ointment  
Butabarbital sodium  
Diocetyl sodium sulfosuccinate  
Methamphetamine hydrochloride  
Dextro-amphetamine sulfate  
Digitoxin  
Ferrous sulfate  
Erythromycin  
Methenamine mandelate  
Magnesium-Aluminum hydroxides  
Prednisolone  
Prednisone  
Pentobarbital sodium  
Chloral hydrate  
Penicillin G  
Pentaerythritol tetranitrate  
Rauwolfia serpentina root  
Vitamin B-12  
Secobarbital sodium  
Reserpine  
Vitamin B Complex  
Therapeutic multiple vitamins  
Mephensin

### BRAND NAME

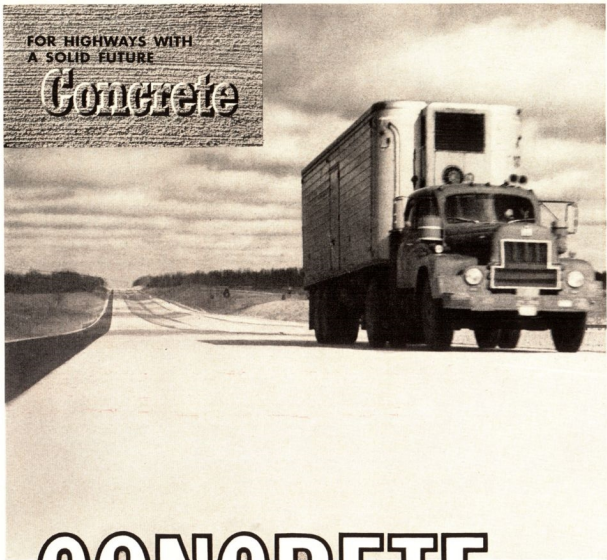
Antepar  
Baciguent  
Butisol sodium  
Colace  
Desoxyn  
Dexedrine sulfate  
Digitaline Nativelle  
Feosol  
Ilotycin  
Mandelamine  
Maalox  
Meticortelone  
Meticorten  
Nembutal sodium  
Noctec  
Pentids  
Peritrate  
Raudixin  
Rubramin  
Seconal sodium  
Serpasil  
Sur-Bex  
Theragrafin  
Unicap Therapeutic  
Tolserol

### USE

Worm infestation  
Skin infection  
Sedation  
Bowel difficulty  
Stimulant  
Stimulant  
Heart stimulant  
Iron deficiency  
Antibiotic  
Urinary antiseptic  
Antacid  
Arthritis, etc.  
Arthritis, etc.  
Sedation  
Sedation  
Antibiotic  
Angina pectoris  
High blood pressure  
Pernicious anemia  
Sedation  
High blood pressure  
Vitamin deficiency  
Vitamin deficiency  
Muscle relaxant

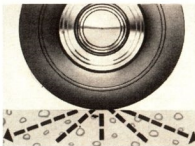
FOR HIGHWAYS WITH  
A SOLID FUTURE

**Concrete**

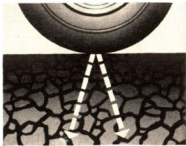


**CONCRETE** is the  
... gives maximum strength

Concrete's beam effect distributes wheel weight over large area of subgrade, reduces spot pressures. Strength of material — not mass — carries the load, permitting minimum-thickness pavement.



Flexible pavement, by its very flexing effect, transmits load forces in almost direct line to subgrade. Excessive concentration of load force can be overcome only by building up pavement thickness.





*Modern concrete for Kentucky's Interstate 65 south of Elizabethtown*

## pavement that is not flexible with minimum thickness!

Interstate System highways like Kentucky's Route 65, pictured here, call for a pavement that is **solid and unyielding**.

Kentucky's highway department chose concrete for this important stretch of Interstate System highway. Necessity for multiple strata construction of 2 to 3 times greater total depth was avoided.

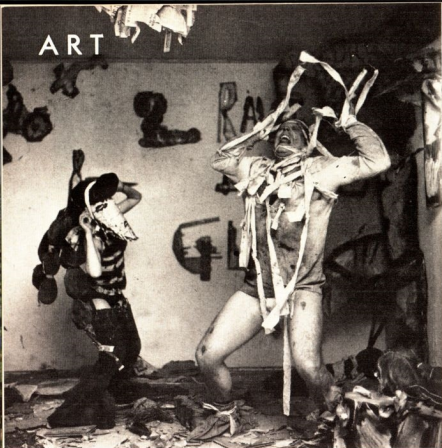
Strength with minimum bulk is possible, of course, because concrete isn't flexible. It supports and spreads

the load like a beam. Pressures on the subgrade stay permanently within safe limits.

And concrete's design efficiency assures low maintenance costs in years ahead. In fact, maintenance costs will be as much as 60% lower than for asphalt. Only concrete enables engineers to design highways to last 50 years and more.

You can see why engineers and taxpayers agree that concrete is the preferred pavement for heavy-duty highways—especially on the new Interstate System.

# ART



CLAES OLDENBURG'S "SNAPSHOTS FROM THE CITY"

## Up-Beats

*Skirts are short, and always up. We are just a little tired of four sides and a flat face. The day to come is the day we can operate without resistance . . . turn ourselves at will from heroes to loonies.*

Plastered over the walls of an obscure basement gallery in Manhattan's Greenwich Village last week, these slogans counterpointed a new kind of art show that was half picture and half theater. The exhibitors were determined to be offbeat, off-Broadway and off their rockers. Viewers trooped from room to room artfully littered with nets and old bottles, the walls splashed with weird designs and slogans ("Dirt is indeed deep and very beautiful—I love soot and scorching"). Somewhere, a voice was counting in German.

One leader of the new movement is Allan Kaprow, 32, an assistant professor of art at Rutgers University. Kaprow's "painting in the shape of a theater" got started by way of giant paste-ups of indiscriminate materials. To bring back the idea of a picture, he hung canvas tatters in front of his paste-ups. Then he moved the tatters forward and installed lights behind them. Suddenly he had a stage, and so he brought on "happenings," something like the incidents children contrive for an improvised circus. The idea took hold, and happenings have been put on around the world in the past year.

Last week's Manhattan happenings were ignored by the serious critics, but thoroughly enjoyed by uncritical crowds. Among the more surprising:

¶ Claes Oldenburg's *Snapshots from the City* featured a garbage-strewn set of charred paper, a cardboard automobile and retching noises. "Now I'm in the Age of Paper," muses Oldenburg. "Next it may be the Age of Wood."

¶ Jim Dine's *The Magic Room* is a shocking-pink and green affair with bed-springs hanging from the ceiling and an umbrella protruding from the wall, with cardboard signs reading, "Breakfast Is Ready," "Go to Work," and "Why Can't We Be Friends?" Dine calls these "phrases you hear around any household. I wanted to show the violence of a home."

¶ Dine's *The Smiling Workman* featured the artist himself lettering "I love what" in blue paint, "I'm doing" in orange paint, and then emptying the paint buckets over his head. This was meant to show "the feeling of being a happy compulsive painter, which is what I am."

¶ Bob Whitman's *Duet for a Small Smell* was introduced by the burning of sulphur, which put the audience into paroxysms of coughing. That made them "part of the act," Whitman figured. At the climax, a girl stabbed a dummy, but not violently. "A violent stabbing would be much too literary."

It was beat, man, though up-beat, and it was, like, existential. Real children might do it better.

## ROUGH STUFF IN THE LIBRARY

**S**HORTLY after World War II, a grim, cliff-faced German named Max Beckmann arrived in the U.S. He was without honor in his own country; Hitler had branded him a "degenerate painter" and hounded him from the land. He had spent the war years in semi-hiding in Amsterdam, developing his own rainbow-hued brand of German expressionism. Imported by Washington University in St. Louis to teach art, Beckmann set about changing the course of American painting, and kept at it until his death in 1950. Although he himself was never an abstract painter, the New York school of abstract expressionists owes much to Beckmann for his unflinching insistence on directness and violence.

Among Beckmann's sponsors in St. Louis was Department Store Tycoon Morton D. May, an energetic collector of modern art. Last week 111 pictures from May's collection were on exhibit in the spanking-new library of St. Louis University, and the hit of the show proved to be 48 Beckmanns, the biggest and best collection of Beckmann's oils anywhere.

Sometime Khan. A forbidding and formidable hulk of a man, Beckmann yet had a sardonic humor about himself. For those who attempted to commiserate with him over the troubles he had seen, Beckmann had a short answer: "I deserve trouble. I myself am a reincarnation of Genghis Khan. I too am rough." To get acquainted with him, Collector May took the simple step of commissioning a portrait. May recalls: "He spent two weeks getting to know me before he even made a sketch. Then there were two sittings of not more than a half hour each. Before he started to paint, he had pulled out my history. He tried to paint much more than what's on the surface of the canvas." Beckmann's *The King* (opposite) is something of a self-portrait, in which self-mockery and egotism blend. "For my money," says Millionaire May, "it's one of the greatest pictures of the 20th century."

*The Bath* (overleaf) May calls "simply one of the greatest pictures I have ever seen." In *Still Life with Candle and Profile* the sinister silhouette is Beckmann's own. *The Stormy Sea* packs a vast lifting rush of waves into a narrow horizontal, as if it were seen through eyes half closed against salt spray.

**Cursed and Blessed.** Beckmann's pictures almost always symbolize the uncontrollable, or what he calls the "rough," but his vocabulary of yells, groans and occasional sighs of delight is drawn strictly from the natural world. "As a painter, cursed or blessed with a terrible and vital sensuality," he once wrote, "I must look for wisdom with my eyes. I repeat, with my eyes, for nothing could be more ridiculous or irrelevant than a philosophical conception painted purely intellectually without the terrible fury of the senses



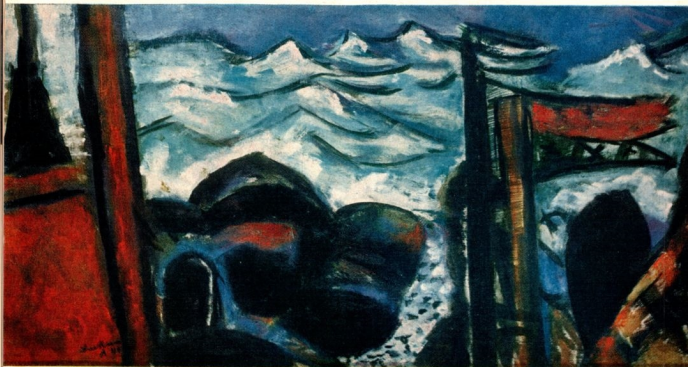
MAX BECKMANN'S "THE KING" (1937)



"THE BATH" (1931)



"STILL LIFE WITH CANDLE AND PROFILE" (1934)



"STORMY SEA" (1944)

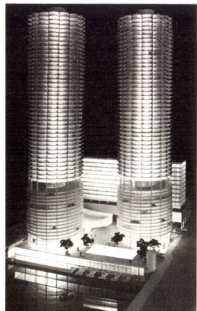
grasping each visible form of beauty and ugliness."

Will Beckmann's work live? No doubt, but for an unexpected reason: he commanded the rainbow; his use of color is as tender as a gardener's and as gracious as that of the most subtle housewife. He was less rough than he thought.

## Well-Stacked Apartments

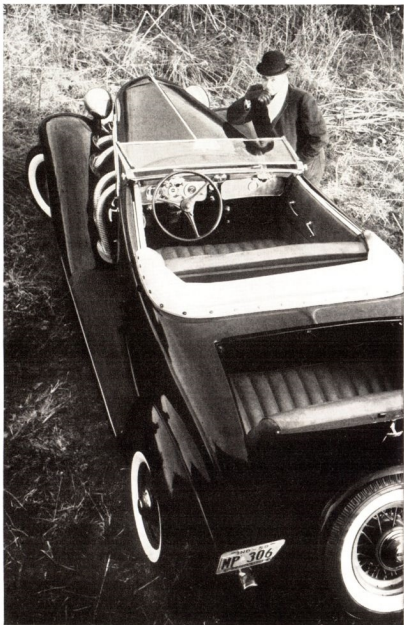
The tallest apartment houses ever built will start rising this summer in the heart of Chicago's downtown area, north of the Loop. Architect Bertrand Goldberg, 46, a onetime student of Mies van der Rohe, devotes the first 18 floors of his pair of circular towers to a spiral ramp for automobiles, and the top 40 stories to pie-shaped apartments, each with its own balcony. Called Marina City, the project will fill a 3.1-acre plot, now occupied by a railroad siding bordering on the Chicago River hard by the famed Wrigley Building, will include drydock storage space for 700 boats, a theater, a ten-story office building, and a park. Cost: \$36 million, to be financed by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Building Service Employees' International Union. It was the first time that such a project has been financed by a labor union, but in this case it made sense. "Unless we protect the growth of downtown centers," a union official explained last week, "the safety of our own jobs will be at stake."

Architect Goldberg's most daring stroke was to raise all the 806 projected apartments well above city noise and dust, while providing garage space underneath for each family. His next best stroke: balconies for every apartment, overlooking the daytime and nighttime splendors of Chicago as if from a magic carpet. Rents, surprisingly enough, will start at a modest \$115 a month.



Bill Engvall

CHICAGO'S MARINA CITY (MODEL)  
Above the dust, pies with a view.



The handsome classic car is a 1936 Auburn Cabriolet. The owner is Denis Drysdale, of Lafayette, Indiana. He keeps it in superb condition, and the motor oil he always specifies for its engine is Quaker State.

"Quaker State keeps my classic Auburn in like-new condition, and my new car, too!" If you care for your car—new, old, classic, compact, give it the finest motor oil money can buy, Quaker State. Refined exclusively from pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, to give your car long-lasting protection. Available most everywhere. Always ask for it by name.



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## CINEMA

### The New Pictures

**Tiger Bay** (Rank; Continental) is a waterfront slum in Cardiff, Wales. A freighter lands. A sailor hurries to his mistress. In the flat where she lives, the table is set for two—but not for him. She suggests that he go "sleep with the sea." With rising fury they scream at each other in Polish, but the *przekleństwa* are not loud enough to smother the pistol shots that kill her.

Through the mail slot, a small orphaned girl watches the murder. The sailor hides the pistol in the stair well and hides himself. The little girl reaches for the gun, and their eyes meet. She grabs it and runs away.

Movingly acted by Horst Buchholz and twelve-year-old Hayley Mills, daughter of British Cinemactor John Mills (who plays a police inspector), and masterfully directed by J. Lee Thompson, the story that follows makes enough suspense to bring sweat to stone foreheads. Oblique, shadowy photography gives Cardiff the musical unease of *The Third Man's* Vienna, and from the exhausting tension there is seldom any relief. The picture cuts abruptly back and forth, now watching the methodical police picking up clues with a sort of slue-footed genius, now following the killer and the little girl.

The young sailor has killed in passion, but once he has the child in his clutches, he cannot kill the only witness to the crime. As the police come nearer to the man, the man comes nearer to the heart of the child—and the audience. With the final chase scene, only retired desk sergeants and the ghosts of faithless mistresses can help but wish that every cop in Cardiff will end up under 50 feet of water off Tiger Bay.

**Who Was That Lady?** (Columbia) gives the first sly wink of its camera eye in a Columbia University chemistry lab, where an arcane experiment is in progress: Assistant Professor Tony Curtis is kissing a girl student. An unstable element, his wife, Janet Leigh, enters the lab and explodes. Janet promptly informs the errant Tony that he has defiled their five-year marriage and that she is heading for Reno to be decontaminated. Poor Tony begs his old pal, Dean Martin, a TV writer, to cook up an alibi to placate Janet. Dean's idea: Tony is really an undercover FBI man, and the girl he kissed is an enemy agent spying on a secret Government project at Columbia.

As might be expected, a comic invention of this sort is the mother of some fairly silly plot necessities. When Tony springs his FBI status on Janet, she thaws no faster than a glacier to a lighted match. But when he produces a TV prop department pistol and identity card, and shows her his clannish insignia of rank (four dots "tattooed" on his heel—"J. Edgar Hoover has seven"), Janet melts into a my-hero mood and virtually orders Tony to kiss-

and-not-tell in the line of future duty. Fellow FBI-Fibster Dean gets an erotomanical glint in his eye. The boys' joint mission, he tells Janet, is to trap two lovely spies at a local Chinese restaurant. Enter a pair of bosomy blonde show girls. "What do you girls do?" asks Tony gingerly. "They sing and dance—like rabbits," answers owlish Dean.

At a nearby table sits a real FBI agent checking on this zany imposture, and at his side is (who else?) Janet, babbling to him about the force ("How many dots do you have?"). The next dotty reel brings on the real spies. Farce's end finds Tony



CURTIS, MARTIN & LEIGH IN "LADY"  
J. Edgar has seven dots.

and Dean bravely intoning *America the Beautiful* while flooding the sub-basement of the Empire State Building under the impression that they are sinking their Soviet captors' submarine.

**Who Was That Lady?** scarcely skirts the standard pitfall of the comedy of errors; i.e., as the errors multiply, the comedy divides and dwindles. But *Lady's* trio of nimble headliners foot the measures of Producer-Writer Norman Krasna's so-so script trippingly. Dean Martin neatly blends tomfoolery and tomcatery. Except for the initial spat, real life Husband-and-Wife Team Curtis and Leigh nibble at each other as voraciously as if they were hors d'oeuvres at a cannibal cocktail party. The assorted nonsense will probably irk no one except college faculty wives, who may find the décor irritatingly ludicrous. On an assistant professor's salary, Tony and Janet maintain a duplex Manhattan penthouse, complete with panoramic view and a gracious cluster of antique silver buckets atwirl with champagne.



**BIG NEWS WEEK.** The face of London in Antony Armstrong-Jones's own photos—the Moroccan disaster explained in words and pictures—sitdowns in the South in photos, with comment by Harry (*Only in America, For 2¢ Plain*) Golden—they're all in LIFE this week.

**NAUGHTY FILM?** Four pages of color pictures give LIFE readers a chance to see if the flying petticoats, high kicks and sliding splits of the movie *Can-Can* (Shirley MacLaine, Frank Sinatra) are really as shocking as Nikita Khrushchev thought they were.

**TREASURE HUNT.** A negro private who swears he fell 32 feet into a fabulous hoard of hidden gold. A sergeant who doesn't believe him. A colonel who lends him a bulldozer. What happened when they started to dig in the Arizona desert?

**LOW-COST FINERY.** U.S. women will soon be able to buy, at one tenth the cost of the originals, defy-the-eye copies of the new fashions designed by Dior, Chanel, Goma, Griffe, Ricci—here photographed in color inside some of the distinguished homes of Paris.

**GLORIFIED MUMS.** LIFE shows (in color) the 1960 All-America chrysanthemums, the "golden flower" of the Greeks. In almost any color and a vast variety of shapes, new mums are now available for spring planting. Also: notes on how to grow them.

# LIFE

OUT TODAY



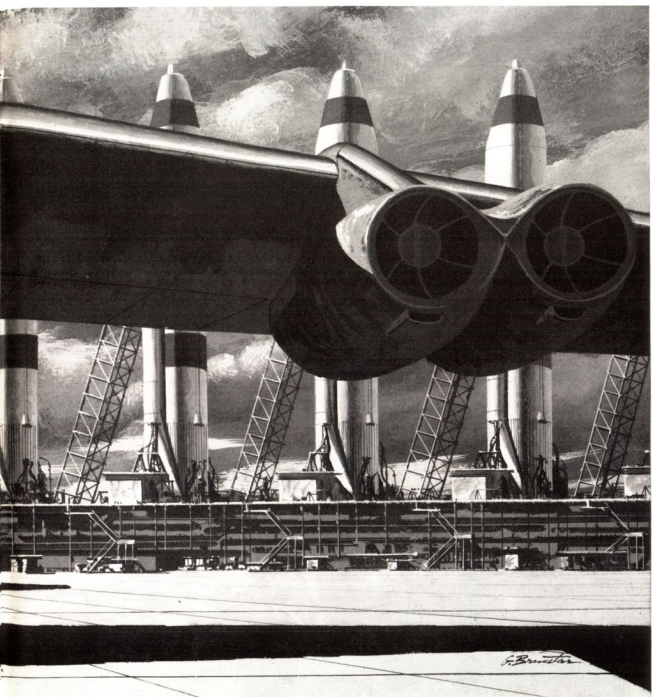
## Mix:

The art of winning a war  
by preventing it

AMERICANS DON'T START WARS. The principle of non-aggression is rooted deep in our national character and conscience.

That's why this country's military strategy is based on the ability to deliver swift and deadly retaliation once an aggressor moves. It's also why—in this thermonuclear age—America's retaliatory power must be more resourceful, more versatile than ever before. We must have the power of *total retaliation*—plus the swift, all-round capability to meet any threat to world peace, anywhere, anytime.

Today missiles loom large at the world's conference tables, but the strategists around those tables know that missiles alone cannot provide



for the full spectrum of military action short of total war. Some victories are achieved only by man's unique ability to capitalize on opportunity... make decisions... and care about the result. Only a man can investigate... return... report. Only a man can be recalled. That's why only the "mix" of both man and machine has retaliatory power *plus* versatility — *plus* the will to win.

America's balance of manned and unmanned weapon systems must be kept real enough to give a potential aggressor constant pause. That's why today the Strategic Air Command has the Atlas ICBM and the B-52 bomber. That is why tomorrow, in the day of the Minuteman ICBM, we

will have a high-performance airplane—the B-70 Valkyrie multi-purpose bomber. From U.S. bases, this 2,000 mph aircraft with its advanced equipment and multiplicity of weapons could strike almost any trouble spot in the world within three hours.

The Mach 3 airplane is being developed to meet these military realities. Together with the missile, it provides a flexible, mobile strike force capable of devastating retaliation. It is a recipe for *preventive* retaliation—real and fearful enough to avert the war that must not happen.

**NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.**  
SERVING THE NATION'S INTEREST FIRST



# BUSINESS

## STATE OF BUSINESS

### A Week for Bears

Along with an expanding economy and a growth in population, the continually rising bull market has been one of the phenomena of the postwar U.S. Last week, as stocks fell lower day by day, there were those on Wall Street who mourned its passing. Cried the *New York Herald Tribune*: BULL MARKET ENDS 10-YEAR REIGN. What lured the *Tribune* out on a limb—and prompted other hasty obituaries of the bull—was an oldtime market tool known as the Dow Theory, fathered by Charles H. Dow, a onetime broker and newspaperman, who founded Dow, Jones & Co. in 1882. The Dow Theory holds that when the Dow-Jones industrial average breaks through its previous low and is confirmed by the rail average penetrating its previous low, Wall Street is in the grip of a bear market. Both averages did just that last week (see chart), and the industrials closed the week at 609.79, off 22.21 for the week, although the loss was pared at week's end by a spirited rally.

The majority of Wall Streeters do not go along with the Dow Theory. To their way of thinking, last week's Dow signal confirmed only that stocks have been going down for some time, something that everyone already knew. Furthermore, they point out that the rails, which once accounted for more than 50% of the value of stocks on the exchange, have dwindled to less than 5%, cannot be taken as seriously as they were when the Dow Theory

was instituted. The crucial breakthrough by the industrials and rails was caused in part by investors who sold in fear that the penetration would take place, thus helped bring on the very thing they feared.

**Whipsawed.** Dow theorists admit that though their signals are late, better late than never. But few market experts put much faith in hindsight. A classic example of the Dow Theory's operation came in 1929, when, after industrials had dropped 80 points, the Dow signal finally flashed. The market eventually went considerably lower, but by that time thousands of investors' accounts had been wiped out; 1937 saw a similar occurrence. Actually, anyone heeding the Dow Theory's buy and sell signals since 1929 would have been wrong 15 times out of 24. On those occasions, he would have sold low and bought high, an experience known in market parlance as "whipsawing." Said I. W. Burnham II, senior partner of Burnham & Co.: "I don't believe in the Dow Theory—and I don't know any rich Dow theorists."

Nevertheless, the market's rough ride has cooled some of the enthusiasm over the business outlook. Some business news last week, in the light of over-optimistic expectations of two months ago, was not too encouraging. In addition to a drop in new orders (see below), carloadings and department-store sales fell, probably because of bad weather, and industry reported that January orders and shipments of machine tools dropped from December. But the news was not completely black. The auto industry, despite a cutback in production, reported that February sales of 480,000 cars were 6% above January, 14% above last February. More important, February's final third chalked up a 20% sales hike on a daily rate basis over the second third.

**Buying Growth.** Balancing the good news against the bad, many Wall Streeters felt that the market had gone too high too fast toward the end of 1959, could stand the current correction, which may carry it even lower. But the correction was not the start of an old-fashioned bear market that would sweep all stocks down. Most analysts thought that the market was feeling for a firm base from which to rise again. Investors, notably mutual funds, were still concerned about the fact that stock yields continue to be well below yields on bonds, supposedly were not buying for this reason. But the big surprise of the market was that the "glamour" growth stocks, e.g., Polaroid, Ampex and Texas Instruments, selling as high as 50 times earnings, v. 15 times earnings for blue chips, had held up better than other stocks during the slide and were still close to their peaks. Many other specialty stocks whose growth potential has been recognized by investors also gained during the drop.

To Wall Street, all this meant that Wall Street's bull was far from dead, was only



CHARLES H. DOW

The bull was choosy about the hay.

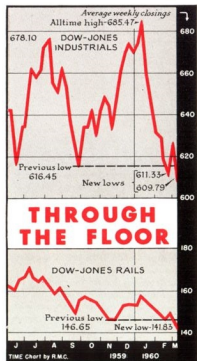
being choosy about the kind of hay it eats. Investors were still willing to pay high prices for stocks in rapidly growing industries, even though their earnings at present were comparatively small. On the other hand, growth seemed to have temporarily gone out of the blue chips, which have had a great rise, quadrupling in the last ten years. Many investors felt that the new growth period for blue chips would have to wait for a few years until the children born in World War II forced a great new expansion in demand.

### Tantalizing Figures

Among the measurements of economic outlook anxiously awaited by U.S. businessmen are the inventory and sales figures of U.S. manufacturers. Last week the Commerce Department issued the latest figures—and set off a spate of speculation about their meaning.

At first glance, Wall Street concluded that the figures were bearish. Manufacturers' new orders, which had risen in December, declined 3% in January from December, though they were still 4% above a year ago. Since new orders usually tell what businessmen think is going to happen, this seemed to say that business could not be as good as expected. Adding to the bearish impression was a continued rise in inventories at a higher rate than had been anticipated; manufacturers piled up another \$750 million in inventories in January (about the same as December) to bring the total to \$53.2 billion, the highest level in more than two years. Many economists feel that if inventories continue to pile up at that rate—cutbacks in production will have to be made, especially if sales drop.

So far, manufacturers' sales showed no



signs of doing so. They were still running at their December high of \$30.8 billion, were 9% ahead of last January. Furthermore, economists pointed out that the ratio of sales to inventories—which they consider more important than the independent figures—was above a year ago.

Did the figures have a meaning? The Commerce Department, which compiled them, said frankly that it did not know whether the economy was still on the rise, had leveled off, or had dropped a bit. The trouble was that the figures were for only a single month, were already more than a month old, and had been badly distorted by the steel strike, which caused manufacturers to rebuild their depleted inventories in a great hurry, thus bunch the orders in November and December.

For these reasons, the Commerce Department expects it will have to wait for another month or two before any significant change in business conditions can be charted. Even if inventories reach a peak and stay there, the effects on the economy could be a long time in coming. The monthly business letter of the First National City Bank of New York pointed out that inventory accumulation in the last business cycle reached its peak in the final quarter of 1955. Yet gross national product continued to rise through the third quarter of 1957—two years longer.

## TEXTILES

### Put On More Tariff?

The U.S. textile industry last week laid before the Tariff Commission a country-by-country quota-protection program to offset the flood of foreign cotton imports. Bruised by competition from abroad, domestic cotton manufacturers recommended that each foreign country be limited to the volume of its 1955 cotton exports to the U.S. Otherwise, U.S. textile producers will be placed in the position where they will have to establish overseas plants to take advantage of less expensive foreign manufacturing facilities.

Milowners claim that such protection is necessary because they are unable to compete with cheap foreign labor, are also being undercut by the U.S. Government, which sells surplus raw cotton to foreign manufacturers at cut-rate prices in order to meet world prices. Domestic producers cannot buy this surplus on world cotton markets, are compelled by law to purchase artificially supported U.S.-grown cotton, which sells for 8¢ per pound more. This has helped foreign textile products to undersell domestic cloth goods, foreign textile manufacturers to increase textile exports to the U.S. by more than 550% since 1948.

The complaints of the textile industry threaten to split the Administration on the problem of the State Department's free trade stand v. the Agriculture Department's farm price supports, which encourage farmers to grow so much cotton that the huge surplus must be dumped on the world market. Last week the Department of Agriculture, which by law must make the U.S. cotton surplus available to



CHRYSLER'S \$16,500 CROWN IMPERIAL LIMOUSINE  
One for Rocky.

world markets at competitive prices, asked the Tariff Commission for an 8¢ per lb. duty on cotton imports. Such a tariff would make up the gap between the low cost of raw cotton on the world market and the Government-supported prices that domestic mills must pay.

In addition, the tariff request is expected to run into a storm of opposition from the State Department. State Department officials have argued that protection would cripple the development of underdeveloped countries for whom textile goods are the staple export, said that the U.S. must support free trade to maintain better markets for her exports. Cracked an Agriculture Department official: "We're interested in the American people, and State's interested in foreigners. It's just as simple as that."

## AUTOS

### We Happy Few

The Chrysler Corp. this week rolled out the Crown Imperial limousine, sleekest, longest (150-in. wheelbase) and most luxurious of the Imperial line. The limousine's engine, chassis and body components

were designed and turned out in Detroit, then were shipped to Turin, Italy, where Carrozzeria Ghia craftsmen assembled the car, finished the interior trim in glove leather and hand-buffed woods, built into each car two radios, two air-conditioning units and two heaters.

Only 25 models will be made this year, and 17 are already spoken for. Among the first U.S. customers to dig into their private pockets for the \$16,500 purchase price (delivered in New York City): New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

## TAXES

### Making Papa Pay

New York State, which has raised taxes under the administration of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, last week appeared to have found a likely new source: teenagers' income from baby sitting, caddying and other spare-time jobs. In a new set of instructions, the State Tax Commission directed parents to itemize "income of dependent minor children from personal service compensation."

Such a directive was bound to stir a storm of protest. It did. One outraged parent sent State Tax Commission President Joseph H. Murphy 2¢. Others complained that it is hard enough to teach teenagers the merits of earning their own way, let alone have them subjected to the discouragement of tax collection on every penny. Warned the New York Times, only half humorously: If tax officials persist, they "may find that they are fostering juvenile delinquency, cutting car production, plunging parents into the captivity of their progeny."

With the uproar rising, Commission President Murphy explained that the law has really been on the book for 40 years and he was only trying to "end confusion" by inserting special instructions to "clarify" the tax form. At week's end parents hoped that a bill, introduced in the state legislature to eliminate the controversial section, would give children the same tax freedom (up to \$600) they have under federal law.



Batcheelor—N.Y. Daily News  
EARLY LESSON IN CUPIDITY

## THE UGLY RUSSIAN

### Red Trade Blunders Benefit the U.S.

IN the worldwide trade-and-aid war, U.S. shortcomings and mistakes are well known, thoroughly publicized. But is the Russian economic-aid program to underdeveloped countries an overwhelming success? Last week, as Soviet Premier Khrushchev granted \$250 million in credits to Indonesia and rode through the streets of Kabul, Afghanistan, freshly paved from Soviet aid funds, the Russians' score seemed high. In some cases it is—e.g., Egypt's Aswan Dam, Cuba's sugar contract for 1,000,000 tons a year. But the overall Soviet-bloc record includes many a blunder. Even more important, by following the basic pattern of foreign aid laid down by the U.S., the Russians have been forced to follow a path of frustration and bad Marxist economics. By sponsoring aid projects and raising the economic standards of underdeveloped nations, the Reds are working toward eliminating the discontent that fosters Red revolutions. In the long run, says the Library of Congress' Russian Expert Leon Herman, the Reds are actually working toward the U.S. ideal that successful economic development can be achieved in a non-Communist society.

Because Soviet-bloc projects are offered on a hit-or-miss basis, the Reds often make costly mistakes. Some examples:

☐ In Indonesia, the East Germans finished a sugar mill two years behind schedule only to find that it was a beet-sugar mill and the rollers were not heavy enough to crush Indonesian cane sugar.

☐ In Burma, a luxury hotel twelve miles outside Rangoon has become a white elephant because it has no air conditioning and is too far out of town for the Western travelers for whom it was designed.

☐ In 1958, the Russians dumped 18,000 tons of tin into a saturated world market, hoping to create price chaos. But Malaya, Bolivia and Indonesia, which depend heavily on tin exports, complained bitterly, forced the Reds to halt their dumping.

Pitched to a splashy one-shot approach, the Soviet bloc has often fallen far short on quality, failed to back its goods. When Indonesia bought 4,000 Russian jeeps as part of a \$100 million credit, the landed cost of the vehicles was \$4,000 each, higher than U.S. Jeeps (\$3,100) or Japanese (\$2,500). The Red jeeps had windshield frames that buckled under the tropical heat, glass with ripples, and tires that wore out after 5,000 miles. Russian diesel motors sold in Argentina held up for

fewer than three years. And when drilling machines ordered by a Brazilian firm from Poland arrived in bad condition the Poles ignored all claims.

Although the Russians insist that their aid is offered without any strings attached, they crack the whip whenever it suits their purpose, e.g., "postponement" of credits to Yugoslavia after the split with Marshal Tito. Often the terms of Red aid packages are such that underdeveloped nations are shortchanged. The Russians tacked artificially high price tags (in rubles) onto the goods they bartered in return for Egyptian cotton. Then they resold the cotton to West Germany, Switzerland and other regular Egyptian customers, at a 10% discount.

Cuba faces a similar threat from inflated Red prices and dumping in its agreement to sell the Russians 1,000,000 tons of sugar a year outside of its normal world quota. Warns one economist: "Much of what we call Soviet aid is in fact deferred barter."

Since the Soviet-bloc aid program started in 1955, the Reds have offered \$3.8 billion to 20 of the free world's underdeveloped nations, v. \$5.7 billion for the U.S. (\$32 billion total to 55 countries since 1948). One of the prime tests of the success of the programs is the international trade they have generated, for it is trade that underdeveloped nations really want. In 1959, U.S. foreign trade with these 20 nations, exclusive of aid credits, was an estimated \$1.6 billion, v. \$800 million for the Soviet bloc. The result, says Russian Expert David Granick in his new study, *The Red Executive* (Doubleday; \$4.50), means that "we are far and away ahead in the game of trade and likely to remain so."

The prime reasons for the U.S.'s advantage are that the Russians are 1) still concerned with becoming economically self-sufficient, and 2) running into serious trouble pricing their goods for world markets. Since the Red economy has no free market to establish the value of goods, Soviet prices, says Granick, "can scarcely be taken as a proper guide for Soviet foreign trade operations." At present, the Russians "can seldom be sure if a given sale was at a favorable price or was really a case of unprofitable dumping." Thus, the inherent organizational problems of a planned economy are a severe disadvantage to the Russians in international trade. As even the U.S. has found out, no nation, no matter how big or no matter how rich, can long afford an unfavorable balance of trade.

## MODERN LIVING

### Le Restaurant, C'est Moi

Gourmets and plain expense-account diners in Manhattan last week were confronted with a tragedy as grave as the separation of *sauce hollandaise*—an eruption of Gallic temperament that temporarily closed Le Pavillon, considered by many the best French restaurant in the U.S. and by all check signers, among the most expensive (consommé: \$2). In a fit of pique, Pierre Franey quit as Le Pavillon's head chef after Owner Henri Soulé demanded that he cut five hours of overtime off the work week of the kitchen staff in order to slash the operating expenses of the restaurant. An artist of the kitchen,

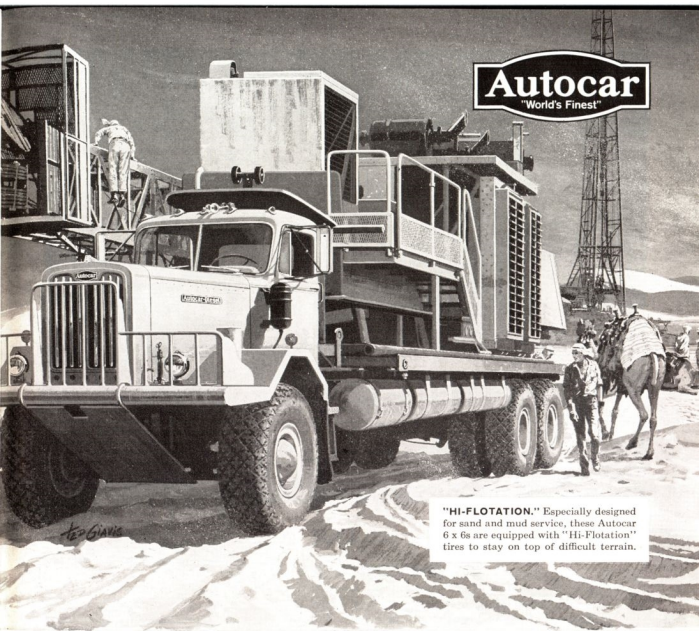


RESTAURATEUR SOULÉ  
Eggs don't have hair.

Franey refused, said: "If I do it, my men quit on me. They are underpaid, getting the minimum. You cannot shave eggs. It's got no hair."

Fuming about staff disloyalty ("Here it is like Algeria"), Soulé lamented that half of his \$6,500 weekly payroll went to kitchen help, said: "It's too much." Some five years ago he had to cut back to a five-day week to avoid overtime expenses. Today, the unionized chefs are paid from \$100 to \$225 weekly; Franey got \$300.

The feud ended a stormy relationship that began in 1939 at the New York World's Fair. Soulé, who ran the French restaurant in Flushing Meadow, hired Franey as a *poissonier* (fish chef). After the fair, Soulé decided to open Le Pavillon, and brought along Franey. Seven years ago, he made Franey head chef, told him: "You and I are getting married. It's going to be very stormy, but we have no right to part." But last week the marriage



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Constantly higher performance demands on aircraft, require, in turn, steels with ever-increasing performance.

Republic and the aircraft builders and aircraft parts suppliers continue to search for these high

performance steels through joint efforts in the fields of research and technology.

Materials showing exceptional promise in this respect are consumable electrode vacuum-melted steels, now being produced by Republic in substantial quantities for the missile programs. These vacuum-melted steels are proving to be stronger, more ductile, and of more uniform properties than those produced by the more conventional methods.

Republic has the largest capacity for production of these steels in the industry and continues a broad research program into their properties and potential military and civilian applications.

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was on the rocks. Choked Soulé: "He was like a son to me. But now M. Franey is a fresh little man." Soulé went out looking for a new chef, plans to reopen soon.

## BUSINESS ABROAD

### Audacity & Measure

Amid the pop of champagne corks and the hiss of sulfurous fire, the world's most highly automated aluminum plant was officially opened last week near Lacq in southwestern France. Nestled at the foot of the Pyrenees on once-sleepy pasture land, the \$40 million plant is the showpiece of one of France's most aggressive and fastest-growing companies: the aluminum and chemical firm of Pechiney, Europe's biggest aluminum producer. While the plant increases France's



Jean Lottès-Fauriol

**PECHINEY'S DE VITRY**  
Confidence over surveillance.

aluminum capacity by one-third, it can be run by only 350 employees.

Pechiney moved in among the coves and centuries-old stone farmhouses of Lacq to take advantage of a huge natural-gas deposit which has attracted a whole complex of industry since it was discovered eight years ago. The company has grown so fast since the war that the amount of hydroelectric power available in Metropolitan France, of which it uses 6%, is no longer enough. Its search for additional sources of cheap power (and cheap raw materials) has also led it to Africa, where it joined an international consortium, including Olin-Mathieson, to build an aluminum plant in Cameroon, helped build an ore-processing plant in Guinea (with a housing development and community swimming pool), is planning still other plants in Guinea and the Republic of the Congo. Its Lacq plant will raise the company's aluminum capacity to 200,000 tons, about four times its 1949 capacity, but only half the company's 1965 goal.

**Only Two Words.** Pechiney was founded as a small chemical firm in 1855, named after an early director, A. R. Pechiney. Later it switched from chemicals, became one of the first manufacturers of aluminum, rapidly expanded. It was hard hit during World War II; its technology fell behind U.S. companies, and retreating German soldiers sabotaged its factories. But Pechiney poured all its money and effort into rebuilding, expansion, modernization, last year did \$300 million worth of business through its French complex and 50 affiliates and subsidiaries around the world.

The corporate pieces are skillfully manipulated by an expert chess player named Count Raoul Joseph-Marie de Vitry d'Avaucourt, 64. Pechiney's chief since the end of World War II and the antithesis of the tradition-bound European businessman, De Vitry (he does not use his title) began at the bottom at Pechiney, was decorated for fighting in the Resistance during the war, has made Pechiney's headquarters at 23 Rue Balzac in Paris as modern as his views about industry. "My motto," he says, "consists of two words: audacity and measure."

**Out with Tradition.** De Vitry has been audacious in research, now spends more than 5% of Pechiney's gross on research, higher than other European companies. The company has done so well that it sells many of its processes abroad to Alcoa and other U.S. firms, has sent engineers to five continents to help construct aluminum and chemical plants. Raoul de Vitry has led Pechiney back into chemicals in force; the firm has built up a whole new range of products—plastics, fertilizers, petrochemicals, synthetic fibers. Last year it raised its exports 50%, to 35% of total sales.

To break up the rigid hierarchical structure that Pechiney shared with many European businesses, De Vitry gave the firm a divisional setup much like General Motors', streamlined administration, pruned departments that had only tradition to recommend them. He brought in young men, gave them a great deal of liberty. Says he: "I think that confidence produces far better results than surveillance." In addition to a productivity bonus that nets employees an average 30% over their base pay, Pechiney last Christmas gave employees nearly 32,000 shares worth \$2,000,000 on the Paris Bourse.

De Vitry, who has ten children ranging from 16 to 35 (none of whom joined Pechiney), likes to ride horseback or listen to classical music with them and his wife at their ten-room apartment near the Etoile. Like many other executives, he scorns the head office as a "center of unproductivity," spends two or three months a year traveling over the world inspecting Pechiney's plants.

**Into Position.** Pechiney is busily moving into position to take advantage of the Common Market. As Europe's standard of living rises, demand for Pechiney's chemicals and aluminum is bound to rise apace. When exports slack off, the company can always intensify its efforts to

# "EARN" did not always mean the same as "GET"

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And perhaps nowhere is it more important than in the securities business. It is both a point of honor and a matter of policy with us to tell our customers as much as we can about the way we operate. Here is our statement on one basic policy, taken from the list of principles that guide us:

*If Merrill Lynch or its officers have an interest in the securities of any company, we disclose that interest and indicate its general size in any printed report from our Research Department on that company.* This is part of our basic policy of doing business in a goldfish bowl. Some investors may feel that if the firm or its officers own an interest in an enterprise, they may be inclined to push its stock. Other investors, looking at the same set of facts, may conclude that it's a good idea to buy a stock which the officers of an investment firm think well enough of to invest in for their own accounts.

Candidly, we don't think either point of view is necessarily valid or relevant, but we do make a practice of giving our customers the facts about our investments in any given stock so that they may place any construction they like on those facts. Hence at all times our officers must keep us informed of all their securities investments. Company by company, the value of their aggregate holdings is totted up. Then, if Merrill Lynch as a company has holdings, these are added in, and whenever our Research Department issues a printed report on any company, we tell the customer whether Merrill Lynch and its officers have any interest in that company. If they do, we disclose the size of the interest—less than \$50,000, between \$50,000 and \$100,000, or over \$100,000.

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sell at home, where aluminum consumption is still low (7 lbs. per person v. 21 lbs. in the U.S.). When the domestic market slackens, it need only expand its export market. There, it sells aluminum at about 8% lower than U.S. and Canadian competitors.

## HIGH FINANCE

### The Card Shark

With the rise of computer punch-card accounting and the decline of the clerk's pen-entry ledger, company comptrollers have relaxed in a new atmosphere of mechanical morality. They have been confident that neither false entry nor ink eradicator could juggle the electronic accounts. But last week, Walston & Co., one of Wall Street's largest brokerage firms, found that the computer is no more honest than the hand that feeds it. In eight years, Walston Vice President and Computer Specialist Frank B. Haderer, 50, had stolen more than \$260,000 from the electronic till, to become the first known big-league electronic embezzler.

Haderer helped install Walston's IBM bookkeeping brain in 1950, was made manager of the firm's accounting department in 1957 because he knew more about the system than anyone else. Thus he had no trouble working out a simple way to wholesale larceny. He would go to the office after hours, make out punch cards to show a withdrawal from Walston's big, fluctuating margin-interest account of some \$300,000, put the money in his trading account, and punch out a deposit card. He would feed both cards into the machine. Since the computer kept books for both accounts, the auditors, for eight years, always found the company balances in perfect order. Even so, as a further precaution, Haderer never took more than \$3,000 a month. As a check on the computer, the company required slips to match the punch cards for all deposits and withdrawals. Haderer slipped up on the slips. When Walston decided this year to audit its employees' trading accounts independent of the general audit, it found cards in Haderer's account that had no corresponding slips. An old-fashioned check of Haderer's account uncovered the theft.

## THE ECONOMY

### The Nyack Idea

"At the Stock Exchange we come into firsthand contact with the range of knowledge—the economic literacy—of a broad cross-section of the American people. That knowledge, not to mince words, is often shockingly inadequate." So said George Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange, addressing last week the National Association of Secondary School Principals in Portland, Ore. His explanation: "We do not teach economics."

Funston pointed out that a decade ago, only 4% of the nation's 10 million high-school students were ever expected to take economics, and that only one state, Oregon, required economics for a high-school diploma. Since then, "the number of stu-



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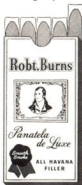
# PARKER PROSPECTS while Robt. Burns



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dents taking economics shows no discernible upward trend," although in the same decade the number of Americans who own stock has nearly doubled from 6,500,000 to 12,500,000—owing, in no small part, to Funston's own efforts to bring new investors into the stock market.

But Funston believes this economic know-nothingness is not an insoluble problem. Nor is economics "too tough" for high-school minds, providing it is made "real and exciting." What is needed, says Funston, is more required courses and more and better teachers. As an example of what can be done, Funston cited the twelfth-grade teacher in New York's Nyack High School who collected 50¢ from each pupil to form an investment pool. Together the class conducted an enthusiastic search for the right company in which to invest their \$18, finally bought one share of American Zinc (price last week: \$15), avidly followed the market fortunes of "their" company all year—learning something of taxes, tariffs and fiscal policy in the process. To top it off, American Zinc President Howard Young heard about the experiment, at year's end visited the class himself to conduct an "annual meeting" and answer questions. Said Funston: "I hope the Nyack idea will spread from coast to coast."

## INSURANCE

### The Million-Dollar Oldster

The grand old man of U.S. life insurance turned 80 last week, took time out to enjoy a birthday dinner at Manhattan's Union Club and to admire the hundreds of cards that festooned the bottle-green walls of his office in the Empire State Building. But otherwise, it was another working day to Julian S. Myrick. One of the best salesmen in the business, he has sold more than a million dollars' worth of insurance a year for the past two years to qualify for the Million Dollar Round Table, the profession's highest honor, attained last year only by 2,688 of the nation's 250,000 fulltime life-insurance salesmen.

To keep in selling trim, Myrick begins each day with a 45-minute workout with 2-lb. dumbbells and Indian clubs, plays tennis three times a week. He gave up smoking cigars in 1924, quit chewing them in 1939, and hardly ever takes a drink until sundown. Then he drinks up to five martinis, often takes wine with the main course and brandy afterward.

Aside from his own success, Myrick has pioneered some important changes in the insurance business. In 1910 he helped found the first training school for agents, later initiated the concept of estate planning. He helped set up the American College of Life Underwriters, the degree-granting agency for life-insurance salesmen, and has served as the college's board chairman for the past 20 years.

**Meet the Queen.** Julian Myrick started out in the insurance business as a \$25-a-week applications clerk in 1898, soon struck up a friendship with another clerk, an athlete, organist and composer from



INSURANCE MAN MYRICK  
Topping it off with five martinis.

Yale named Charles Ives. In 1907 they established their own office, soon were selling nearly \$2,000,000 a year.

In after-hours Myrick and Ives achieved distinction in other fields as well. Ives wrote atonal, craggy symphonies and tone poems full of early American nostalgia (*Three Places in New England*, *The Concord Sonata*, *Symphony No. 3*) which won him a Pulitzer Prize and recognition as one of the leading U.S. composers, says Myrick: "He always said his business helped his music."

Myrick became president of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association in the early '20s, also headed the Davis Cup Committee whose teams won the cup six years in a row. Once when touring with the 1924 Olympic team, Myrick flattered the Queen of Spain into a doubles match (Queen Victoria, with Vincent Richards, beat Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman and Myrick).

**Consultation.** At one time Myrick, who is married and has four daughters and a son, actually retired from the insurance business. In 1949 he stepped down from a vice-presidency of the Mutual of New York to help Herbert Hoover, an old friend, enlist public support for the Hoover Commission's recommendations for organizational changes in the Federal Government. When that job was finished, Myrick longed for something else to do, decided to go back to his old sales agency as a consultant. "But," says Myrick, "nobody consults you about insurance. You have to go out and consult them."

At present Myrick sees no chance of getting out of the insurance business. "I keep telling them I want to retire," he says brightly, "but then they come to me with a problem, and I give them a simple answer—only yes, no, or maybe—and then they always ask me to stay on a little longer."

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## MILESTONES

**Divorced.** Gordon Scott, 32, Hollywood Tarzan No. 11; by Vera Miles (real name: Ralston), 29, sulking screen wife (*The FBI Story*); after 3½ years of marriage, one child; in Juárez, Mexico.

**Divorced.** Harry Hines Woodring, 69, onetime (1928) Kansas commander of the American Legion who went on (1931-33) to be the state's Democratic Governor and later (1936-40) U.S. Secretary of War; by Helen Coolidge Woodring, 53, daughter of onetime Massachusetts Senator Marcus Coolidge; after 27 years of marriage, three children; in Topeka, Kans.

**Died.** Leonard Warren, 48, topnotch U.S. baritone; of a stroke; on stage at the Metropolitan Opera (*see Music*).

**Died.** Melvin Horace Purvis, 56, wiry (about 130 lbs.) South Carolina lawyer who joined the FBI in 1927, chased car thieves in Texas, pursued minor thugs in Oklahoma, finally became chief investigator for the Chicago area and made the headlines when he bungled a 1934 Wisconsin showdown with Public Enemy John Dillinger (G-men shot two innocent men, killing one), but got Dillinger three months later in a trap outside a Chicago theater, also led the posse that shot down Pretty Boy Floyd; by his own hand (pistol); in Florence, S.C.

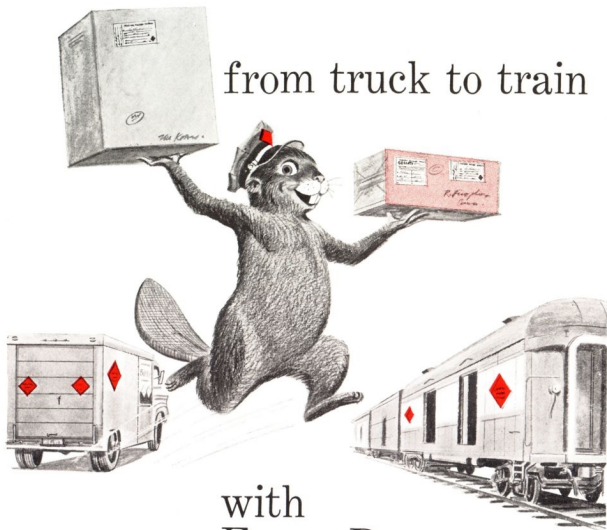
**Died.** Herbert Romulus O'Connor, 63, Maryland Democrat, two-term Governor (1939-47), U.S. Senator (1947-53) who succeeded Estes Kefauver as chairman of the Senate Crime Investigation Committee, hunted Reds in government, the U.N. and the American Bar Association, advocated blackbaling lawyers who pleaded the Fifth Amendment, retired from the Senate to campaign against the Truman Administration, which he considered "soft on Communism"; of a heart attack; in Baltimore.

**Died.** Walter Yust, 65, tall, stooped, onetime newsman (Philadelphia *Evening Ledger and Press*) and literary editor (Philadelphia *Public Ledger*), longtime (from 1938 to last month) editor in chief of all *Encyclopaedia Britannica* publications; of a heart attack; in Evanston, Ill.

**Died.** Brigadier General (ret.) William Irving Westervelt, 83, Texas-born artillery expert who recommended in the early '20s the modernization of field weapons finally undertaken at the beginning of World War II, retired in 1927 to direct research for Sears, Roebuck & Co.; in Brattleboro, Vt.

**Died.** Reginald ("Rex") Brasher, 91, Brooklyn-born gambler, adventurer, painter-ornithologist whose 874 plates include every known type of North American bird, outnumbering by far the work of his predecessor, John James Audubon; in New Milford, Conn.

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## BOOKS

### What Heroes Learn

A EUROPEAN EDUCATION (248 pp.)—Romain Gary—Simon & Schuster [\$3.75].

French Novelist Romain Gary has created a gallery of heroes who are willing to die for liberty but have to settle for the lesser victory of self-knowledge. Whether they enter the lists on the side of justice and liberty (*The Colors of the Day*) or fanatically defend so unlikely a symbol of freedom as the disappearing elephant (*The Roots of Heaven*), they wind up knowing that man's nature itself precludes the achievement of worldly grace. A courageous fighter himself (in the French and Free French air forces for eight years), Gary saves his writing from downright pessimism by the conviction that the idealists will always continue the struggle through some inner human compulsion.

The latest of Gary's books to appear in the U.S. is actually the second book he wrote, was published in France. Its heroes are the partisans of Poland during the Nazi occupation; and even now, after shelves have been jammed with books superficially like it, *A European Education* conveys its horror and its message with stubborn authority. Author Gary (for the past four years French consul general in Los Angeles) is a French citizen born of Russian actor parents. As a boy he went to school for a year or two in Poland, speaks its language and understands its plight. His hero is a boy of 14 who is led into a forest by his doctor father and left with a supply of potatoes in a dugout. His mother has been taken to one of the brothels set up by the Germans, and it is a long time before Janek knows that his father was killed when, alone, he attacked her keepers.



NOVELIST GARY  
Still condemned to heroism.

Like many a wartime child in whatever country, Janek becomes a man long before he stops being a boy. He learns about bravery and suffering before he can comprehend their motivation. His first and only love affair is with a girl not much older than he who is both a prostitute for the German troops and a spy for the partisans. He sees his comrades die while other Poles play the black-market game, digs for acorns in the snow when the last potato is gone. And all the time he remains in part a baffled child who avidly reads about American Indians. He also learns to kill. But not even his patriotism and his hatred of the enemy can protect him from the shame he feels when he shoots a German soldier who is sitting down, unarmed.

Janek's hope, like the hope of many another innocent, is that Russia and the U.S., as victors, would "build a new world together." But already some know better. "You are such a child, Janek," says his child-mistress.

Author Gary's writing success, in a book from which the years have extracted some force, lies in the fact that the heroism swamps the despair. The ultimate lesson of this bitter European education is that, in Gary's words, "we still are, and will be for a long time, condemned to heroism."

### Postcocuous Adult

AI MEZ-VOUS BRAHMS . . . (127 pp.)—Françoise Sagan—Dutton [\$2.95].

To some readers, Françoise Sagan's novels are of interest chiefly for the light they seem to reflect on their author. In *Bonjour Tristesse*, the light revealed a child passionately and exuberantly weary of the world, but now it shows an adult who seems tired of writing books. There is little in Author Sagan's latest (and fourth) novel worth a compliment or a damn, although readers with an ironic turn of mind may cherish the 23-year-old author's reference to "that incomparable love that comes with age." The story, hardly more than the unhatched egg of a novel, concerns Paule—the only character whom the author has troubled to make credible—a pretty divorcee who, in her black moods, has begun to ask a hard question of her mirror: If spirits sag, can flesh be far behind? Standing on the brink of 40, she has avoided *tristesse* more successfully than most Sagan characters, but Roger, the latest of her lovers, has become much too considerate. After an evening of bistro crawling, he drops her off at her flat, saying, "I'll let you sleep. See you tomorrow, darling." Lately, Paule reflects, he has let her sleep more and more often.

What Paule wants is to marry Roger, a pipe-smoking, frail-chasing, hairy-handed brute a few years her senior, who lacks only a trout to look like a *Field & Stream* ad. What she gets is a febrile few months with Simon, a delicate, beautiful and overmothered young man of 25. Neither fellow is of a sort likely to be



Eileen Darby—Graphic House  
NOVELIST SAGAN  
Just tired of writing.

encountered except in the lavender dells of a schoolgirl's fancy.

Such postcocity may not be very surprising, but it does little to support the author's reputation as Colette's successor in the heart-has-its-reasons trade.

### Amble into Fear

PASSAGE OF ARMS (246 pp.)—Eric Ambler—Knopf [\$3.95].

The typical Eric Ambler reader—a man who, in his own fancy, wears a belted raincoat and knows an automatic from a revolver—places himself in the author's hands as he would commit himself to those of a trusted bartender. He is entirely confident of the craftsman's skill and gratefully aware that such competence is increasingly rare. The latest Ambler amble (his first in four years) is less umbrous than such cloak-and-luger exercises as *A Coffin for Dimitrios* and *The Schirmer Inheritance*, but it should be no disappointment.

The locale is that intrigue-ridden region that the *Orient Express* never quite reached—the Orient. As he is so fond of doing, British Author Ambler begins with a fragile seed of evil: a cache of arms established in Malaya by Communist terrorists after World War II. The terrorists are killed in an ambush, and the arms dump is lost. But a thoughtful Indian plantation clerk deduces that it must exist, and to satisfy his curiosity begins to search for it. Months later the clerk finds the weapons, still unruined, and he feels that it would be a pity to turn such a windfall over to the police.

Eventually, a middle-aged American engineer named Greg Nilson, sightseeing in Hong Kong with his wife, is suckered into smuggling the weapons to anti-Communist rebels in Indonesia. The amateur gunrunner winds up in an Indonesian prison that is not at all sanitary, and

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when rebels begin to ventilate the building with antitank guns, Nilson is hardly consoled by the thought that the affair will make dandy cocktail conversation back in Wilmington—if he ever gets back.

Before his fate is settled, a sharp-witted U.S. vice consul takes a hand, and this plot twist may cause flutters of optimism at the Department of State. Novelist Ambler's consular chap, a quiet American but no chump, may well be the U.S.'s first foreign representative to receive polite fictional treatment since Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd.

### Prosody Lost

KO, OR A SEASON ON EARTH (115 pp.)  
—Kenneth Koch—Grove (cloth-bound, \$3.50; paperback \$1.45).

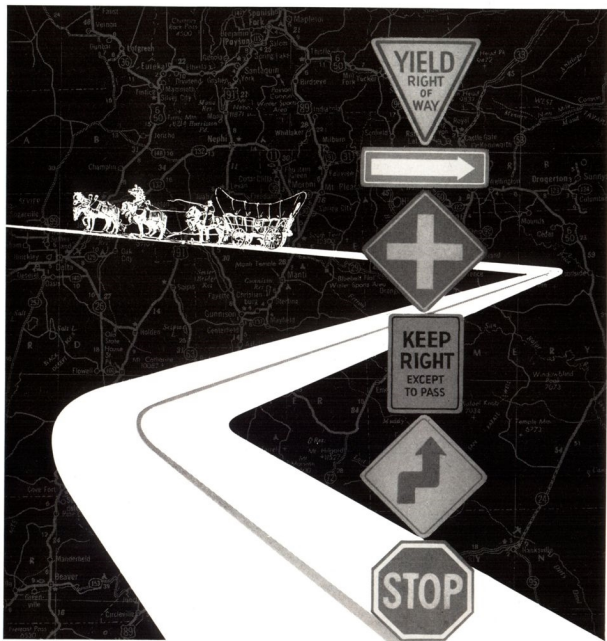
Unlike long novels, long poems are firmly out of fashion, and in some ways the fact is regrettable. There is an exhilaration, a knowledge of manliness gained by the reader who establishes his base camps on, say, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, climbs from *couloir* to crag, and at last reaches the summit. Now Poet Kenneth Koch, an instructor in humanities at Columbia College, has defied the trend by writing a 115-page comic poem, a kind of lesser Catskill among epics, which offers a not very strenuous practice climb with hot-dog stands every hundred yards.

**Corner on the Pooch Market.** The main themes of *Ko*, as its dust jacket states, "baseball, neurosis, art and death; travel, weather, self-realization and power; love, error, prophesy, destruction and pleasure." Among the characters who reel through the commotion of Koch's jouncing, rhymed octaves (following the rhythm of Byron's *Don Juan*) are *Ko*, a young Japanese pitcher who earns a tryout with the Dodgers and throws with such force that he shatters grandstands; Dog Boss, a financier who has cornered the pooch market; Amaranth, the king of England; a nameless but enchanted fish; and Huddel, a cockney. The cast might have come from the nightmare of a blintz-tormented sorcerer, and its actions provide no political, religious or metaphysical insights.

Although Koch worked on the poem eight hours a day for four months (in Italy, "on my wife's Fulbright"), he is really just having fun. And he is always perfectly willing to let a chance rhyme divert his attention. While "snow From the high Himalayas comes unstuck," he writes, "Let's pause a moment, like a dairy truck." The next several stanzas, goofily irrelevant, are about a milkman.

**Almanacs to Teach.** Now and then Koch owes a nod to Ogden Nash ("For what is nice in Kalamazoo's its monicker, As in Atlantic City Miss America"), but just as often he writes a line that is patently new and pleasant. When all the girls in Kansas take off their clothes (there may be a metaphysical insight here, after all) Koch observes that their bodies are "almanacs to teach . . . the poet how to shape his lines." The woodsman what is lacking in the pines."

All manner of things happen to the



## Follow that wagon!

Americans didn't always drive, as you do, on the right. The early colonists, after England's example, kept left. Then along came the famous Conestoga wagon. It was guided from the left side; so, to get a clearer view ahead, its drivers kept to the right. There, its wheels formed deep ruts into which other vehicles slipped. Finally, all America followed the Conestoga wagon to the right-hand side of the road.

Keeping right, of course, is one thing today's drivers should do. Knowing the correct route to take is another. Next time you head your car for unfamiliar territory, why not pick up a road map or two, published by Rand McNally and furnished as a courtesy by your local service station. Rand McNally maps have guided generations of motorists. Like our atlases, globes, reference works, and directories, they are as accurate, informative, and up-to-date as man can make them.





## Washington Women Know She Knows Her Onions

Like the recipe for a good soup, Elinor Lee's background as Food Editor of The Washington Post is a potpourri of rich and varied ingredients. She has worked with food as a dietician, a teacher of home economics, a public relations counselor, a home economist for a power company and the hostess for her own homemaking show on radio and television. She has been with The Washington Post since 1953.

Three years ago, Mrs. Lee received a Grocery Manufacturers of America Award for interpreting to readers the essential processes of vegetables and poultry between the field and the family table.

As an outstanding example of one "home ec" major who made the grade, Elinor Lee last month starred in a vocational guidance presentation for local high school classes. She was chosen for the role because, "everyone in the area knows Mrs. Lee of The Washington Post."

In a career that has witnessed a revolution in the kitchen, with the debut of frozen foods, packaged mixes and instant products, Elinor Lee has become a culinary encyclopedia for Washington women. Truly the Capital's Fare Lady, she is another reason why The Washington Post is read by 50% more families than any other Washington newspaper.

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author's creatures; Ko pitches a perfect game, King Amaranth decides that England's girls should undrape too, and several characters turn into statues. Analyzing these events is no more profitable than dissecting a soap bubble, or trying to explain a minor character named Higby, who "wears a wig be-/Cause he has no hair at all beneath/The wig he wears because he has no hair." The reader recognizes Koch's Ko as good comedy.

*Just as when entering the Plaza de Toros  
One knows which side is sol, or as a cat  
Knows which gray spot is mouse, or  
when, in Boris,*

*The tenor sings 'Marina' you know who  
Marina is: the one he's singing to.*

## Bestseller Revisited

MAY THIS HOUSE BE SAFE FROM TIGERS (374 pp.)—Alexander King—Simon & Schuster (\$4.50).

Ex marks the spot of Alexander King. He is an ex-illustrator, ex-cartoonist, ex-adman, ex-editor, ex-playwright, ex-dope addict. For a quarter-century he was an ex-painter, and by his own bizarre account qualifies as an ex-midwife. He is also an ex-husband to three wives and an ex-Viennese of sufficient age (60) to remember mutton-chopped Emperor Franz Joseph. When doctors told him a few years ago that he might soon be an ex-patient (two strokes, serious kidney disease, peptic ulcer, high blood pressure), he sat down to tell gay stories of the life of all these earlier Kings.

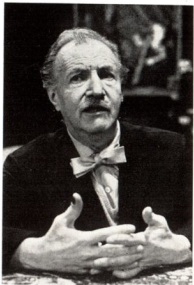
The tales (*Mine Enemy Grows Older*) were tall, often funny, sometimes vulgar, and full of invective. After several plugs on the Jack Paar show, *Enemy* zoomed to a hard-cover sale of 150,000 copies. Its sequel, *May This House Be Safe from Tigers*, reached the top of the bestseller list last week, rocketed along at a clip of 1,500 copies a day. Plainly, Alexander King threatens never willingly to become an ex-autobiographer.

**Angry Old Man.** King is a superior monologist, even though his prose is not housebroken and some of his stories seem to have filtered through sewer pipes. In style and substance, he is a throwback to the iconoclastic '20s, one of the last of the angry old men who picked up the idol-smashing habit from H. L. Mencken.

Like *Enemy*, *Tigers* celebrates oddballs. Author King has known. The title itself comes from a Zen Buddhist pal who always uttered "his senseless little orison" on leaving King's apartment. After three years, King exploded. "What is the meaning of this idiot prayer?" "Well," said the hurt friend, "have you been bothered by any tigers lately?"

Then there was Rose O'Neill, a plumpish pixy who invented the Kewpie doll. After a wall switch broke, the lights in her house stayed on uninterruptedly for 16 years. Rosie had a favorite cat that entered her bedroom each morning through a private little six-inch door and dutifully placed a dead bird at the foot of her bed.

The most poignantly comic weirdie of



AUTOBIOGRAPHER KING  
Stories filtered through sewer pipes.

the lot was Waldemar Schindl, a soulful inventor living in an isolated hamlet in the Austrian Alps. When King visited him in the late '20s, Schindl unveiled a machine that looked like a badly made cast-iron bird cage. The contraption gave an enormous heave and one of the wires stabbed at a piece of paper. It suddenly dawned on King that "that poor old chowder-head had—all by himself up here in this moonstruck eyrie—re-invented the typewriter."

**The Sausage Machine.** The chief character in *Tiger* is, of course, Author King. He is occasionally graced with a valid insight, but it is his hates that King truly prizes, and he has collected an awesome passel of them. He loathes beatniks ("clinical psychopaths, overt pansies or fulltime dope fiends") and millionaires. He detests Time, LIFE (where he was once an associate editor) and FORTUNE, closely followed by *The New Yorker* ("frequently stinks up the neighborhood") and *Look*. Art critics are "rapacious vermin," and modern art is in a "putrescent coma." The theater world is full of "exhibitionistic freaks" and "cold-blooded conners."

He hates Billy Graham, Perry Como, Southerners, Mother's Day, dogs ("vulgar love proletarians"), advertising ("a soggy, overripe fungus"), Guy Lombardo, Ernest Hemingway, and Harry J. Anslinger, the head of the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics. TV is in the hands of "lenthilheaded sponsors' wives" and represents "some sort of gargantuan hoax," with one or two exceptions. (His own talk program, *Alex in Wonderland*, which is now being syndicated nationally, "is as refreshing as a breath of stale air in a vacuum.") As for people in general, they are "adenoidal baboons" caught in life's "erratically operated sausage machine."

Operating his prose sausage machine at full tilt, Author King finally seems to



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squeeze only venom out of all the joy, beauty and wonder he professes to find in the world.

For a man whose verbal policy is not massive retaliation but massive assault, Alexander King is startlingly wispy in physique and disarmingly gentle in manner. His droopy white mustache straggles for existence on a face that frequently crinkles with shrewd, sly-eyed smiles. King (original name: Koenig) came to the U.S. just before World War I with his father, a research chemist, and a lovably scatterbrained mother.

Young Alex was an only child and is still waspishly glad about it: "What would my brother be doing? He'd be a horrible ass of some sort—a terrible gland case." Alex was "rocked" by the urge to paint when he first saw the works of Brueghel, but he modeled himself on George Grosz with a dash of Salvador Dali. The walls of his Park Avenue apartment are lined with pictures that look like bad dreams. King switched to illustrating books for bread-and-butter money, then bolted to journalism, and after his *LIFE* stint became managing editor of *Stage*. "Then I really hit bottom," says King. "I started writing plays." None of them were notably successful.

**From Morphine to Coke.** Starting in 1945, King hit the lower depths of a decade of drug addiction. A doctor prescribed morphine for his kidney ailment, and Alex was soon hooked. He is bitter about U.S. treatment of addicts, which he believes to be medievally retarded, and attributes his cure to that hallowed remedy, the love of a good woman—his fourth and current wife, Margie Lou Swett, 26, a svelte and self-possessed singer who sometimes doubles on snare drums on his television show.

King's work day begins with a deep-think session in a hot tub followed by ten hours at a hot desk. Nothing, apparently, can silence his own snare drums of opinion, or keep him from lapsing into double negatives when excited. Sample, on religion: "I think there is no religious revival at all. Fra Angelico kneeled to the Madonna because he was going to paint her, and she was his God. We don't kneel down to nothing any more, not even to a cash register."

On the 20th century: "We had our century and we muffed it. We put Coca-Cola bottles in Old Vienna. It couldn't be sadder."

**\$100,000 & Up.** As an old boy from Old Vienna, Alex King is too savvy not to know that his brand of nonconformity is a hotter commercial item right now than togetherness. Before *Mine Enemy* grows week older (it just appeared in a paperback edition), the royalties from that book alone will cross the \$100,000 mark. The third volume of King's memoirs is under way, and will contain no anecdotes ("It is about me"). Perhaps he has been wounded by a recent sally, "I notice," said a fellow wit, "that you are not going to ruin your autobiography by putting your life into it."

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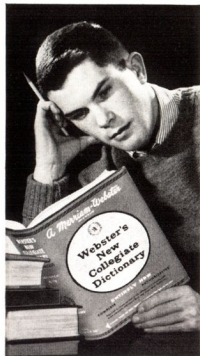
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## TIME LISTINGS

### CINEMA

**The Cranes Are Flying** (Russian). Director Mikhail Kalatozov's extravagant camera thaws away some of the puritanical morality of the Revolution and lifts one woman's crime and punishment into a whirling, vital love story.

**Once More, With Feeling**. In the screen adaptation of the Broadway comedy, Yul Brynner tends to break arms instead of tickling funny bones, but the late Kay Kendall shows that not only was she a lovely clown, but one with a touch of genius.

**A Journey to the Center of the Earth**. Prissy Professor James Mason, followed by Plucky Youth Pat Boone, Beautiful Widow Arlene Dahl, and a noble-souled duck named Gertrude, spends a year exploring some of the most preposterous yet wonderfully funny poppycock Jules Verne ever published.

**Ikiru** (Japanese). A hard-eyed, nail-by-nail examination of a common man's Calvary, and perhaps the finest achievement of Director Akira (Rashomon) Kurosawa, Japan's most gifted moviemaker.

**The Magician** (Swedish). Brilliant Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman uses his own magic to tell the haunting story of a 19th century Mesmer.

**Our Man in Havana**. Graham Greene's bestseller makes an amusing screenplay that first wildly spoofs espionage, then uses the dagger to tickle the ribs with social satire. Alec Guinness, Noel Coward.

**Rosemary** (German). The life and death of a high-priced prostitute add up to a biting, highly amusing commentary on West Germany's *Wirtschaftswunder* (economic miracle), effectively using masses of black Mercedes as a kind of silent chorus and some highly worthwhile songs to underscore the satire.

### TELEVISION

Wed., March 9

**Music for a Spring Night** (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.).\* The second program of the new series is called "*Pas de Deux*," features assorted ballet numbers ranging from a part of *Sleeping Beauty* to the Japanese *Oshichi*.

Fri., March 11

**Walt Disney Presents** (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Donald is caught in a mock-deck version of *This is Your Life*.

Sat., March 12

**John Gunther's High Road** (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Jack the tripper is off this time to Tanganyika.

**World Wide 60** (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). A layman's look at architecture. Host: Hugh Downs.

Sun., March 13

**Johns Hopkins File 7** (ABC, 12-12:30 p.m.). With slow-motion camera and sensitive recordings, a Hopkins chemistry professor advances his thesis that all the universe is music.

**Frontiers of Faith** (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Sir Cedric Hardwicke illustrates "The Grandeur and Misery of Man" with read-

\*All times E.S.T.

ings from Homer, the Bible, Shakespeare, Keats, Dylan Thomas, etc.

**Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic** (CBS, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). Fourth and concluding concert of the season: "Rhythm: The Heartbeat of Music."

**The Twentieth Century** (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). In the second installment of *Japan's Changing Face*, the program explains why the nation has become—in the words of a Japanese psychologist—"one huge broken family."

**Sunday Showcase** (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). A repeat of "Life in the Thirties."

Tues., March 15

**The Arthur Murray Party for Bob Hope** (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). In the manner of a Circus Saints and Sinners meeting, an all-star goon squad gathers to "roast" Hope, celebrating his tenth year on TV.

**Alcoa Presents** (ABC, 10:10-30 p.m.). An original script by Novelist-Screen Writer Don M. Mankiewicz follows a Swedish explorer into the Lower Sahara—and into the supernatural.

### THEATER

#### On Broadway

**A Thurbur Carnival**. An animated anthology of pen-and-pencil work by the most splendidly mad of modern humorists. In Thurbur's often uniquely wonderful and instructive world, everyone is to some extent out of his mind. Among the kooks: Tom Ewell, Paul Ford, Alice Ghostley, Peggy Cass, John McGiver.

**Toys in the Attic**. Lillian Hellman's new play about a weak ne'er-do-well slaps a slumped, lethargic Broadway season into awareness, is written with power, insight and humanity.

**The Deadly Game**. Three retired European men of law nightly meet for dinner and a sort of moot-court parlor game. An American salesman happens in, is tried for his morally slipshod life. Adapted by James Yaffe from a Friedrich Duerrenmatt novel.

**The Andersonville Trial**. In the dock: the Confederate officer who ran the deadly prison camp at Andersonville, Ga. Although never paying off on its promise, the play's bursts of eloquence and bouts of theater make a thought-starting evening on Broadway.

**Five Finger Exercise**. An English family's hopeless un-togetherness and snapping tensions nearly kill a stranger among them, in a play often deftly manipulated by Playwright Peter Shaffer, well staged by Director John Gielgud.

**Fiorello!** The early career of New York's colorful mayor comes alive as a bright and pleasant musical. With Spit-and-Image Tom Bosley.

**The Miracle Worker**. Although William Gibson's play about the young Helen Keller often lacks skill, it becomes a deeply moving theatrical experience through the performances of Anne Bancroft and 13-year-old Patty Duke.

### BOOKS

#### Best Reading

**The Owl of Minerva**, by Gustav Regier. This first-rate memoir of an ex-Communist, far from the customary exercise in self-justification, tells of the

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author's misadventures in the century's wars and revolutions, offers insight into the politics and morals of his age.

**The Little War of Private Post**, by Charles Johnson Post. The author, a magazine writer-illustrator until his death in 1956, fought in the Spanish-American War and charged up San Juan Hill, writes vividly of the heroes and dunderheads he traveled with.

**Queen Mary**, by James Pope-Hennessy. The official, coolly shrewd biography of Britain's late Queen Mary reveals, despite thickets of ever-shifting titles, a remarkable woman, anachronistic though never absurd.

**The Violent Bear It Away**, by Flannery O'Connor. A kind of horror story of faith, about backwoodsmen intoxicated with God and hate.

**Between Then and Now**, by Alba de Céspedes. With rare skill and unrelenting candor the author writes of a woman who rejects the bonds of husband and family only to find that freedom can be a burden, too.

**Kiss Kiss**, by Roald Dahl. The author concentrates on the female of the species in these stories, and proves Kipling's point about its toxicity with chilling wit.

**Love and the French**, by Nina Epton. A review, with one eye on the lofty mystery of love and the other hovering at the keyhole, of the Gallic love parade through history.

**Grant Moves South**, by Bruce Catton. Grant's astonishing evolution from a fear-stricken officer in his first Civil War battles to a masterful commander two years later, told with the author's customary skill.

**A Heritage and Its History**, by Ivy Compton-Burnett. The 16th of the writer's novels is just like its predecessors: from a faintly ludicrous tangle of love, marriage and family are drawn insights as sophisticated as well-bred sin.

**The Wayward Wife**, by Alberto Moravia. For the neurotic characters of these somber, skillful stories, love-making is incessant but futile; the distances between lovers are too vast to be bridged.

## Best Sellers


### FICTION

1. *Hawaii*, Michener (1)\*
2. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (2)
3. *The Constant Image*, Davenport (4)
4. *The Devil's Advocate*, West (3)
5. *Two Weeks in Another Town*, Shaw (5)
6. *Dear and Glorious Physician*, Caldwell (6)
7. *Poor No More*, Ruark (7)
8. *Ourselfs to Know*, O'Hara (9)
9. *Exodus*, Uris (8)
10. *Kiss Kiss*, Dahl

### NONFICTION

1. *May This House Be Safe from Tigers*, King (1)
2. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (3)
3. *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, Flynn (4)
4. *Act One*, Hart (2)
5. *Grant Moves South*, Catton (7)
6. *The Joy of Music*, Bernstein (5)
7. *The Longest Day*, Ryan (8)
8. *The Status Seekers*, Packard (9)
9. *This Is My God*, Wouk (6)
10. *The Elements of Style*, Strunk and White

\* Position on last week's list.



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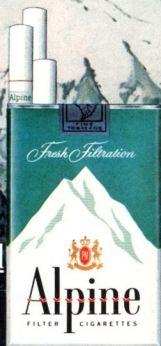


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